

THE  
CHANCE.  
A  
POEM.

B-Y  
WILLIAM SOMERVILLE, ESQ;

NEC TIBI CURA CANUM FUERIT POSTREMA.

VIRG. Georg. III.

ROMANIS SOLENNE VIRIS OPUS, UTILE FAMAE,  
VITAEQUE, ET MEMBRIS.

HOR, Ep. XVIII. Lib. I.

GLASGOW:

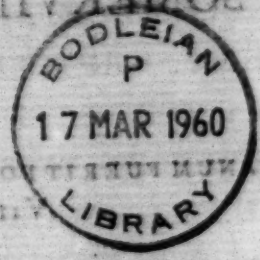
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M.DCC.LV.

THE  
 CHANCE  
 A  
 POEM.

BY

WILLIAM SOMERVILLE, ESQ.



NEC TIBI CURA CUM TUTTIT OSTENDAM.  
 ROMANIS SOLI VIRENT OTUS, TITHE TAMAE,  
 VITAEQUE, MEMBRIS.

Hos. Ep. xviii. lib. v.

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# THE PREFACE.

**T**HE old and infirm have at least this privilege, that they can recall to their minds those scenes of joy in which they once delighted, and ruminate over their past pleasures, with a satisfaction almost equal to the first enjoyment. For those ideas, to which any agreeable sensation is annex'd, are easily excited; as leaving behind them the most strong and permanent impressions. The amusements of our youth are the boast and comfort of our declining years. The ancients carried this notion even yet further, and supposed their heroes in the Elysian fields, were fond of the very same diversions they exercised on earth. Death itself could not wean them from the accusom'd sports and gayeties of life.

*Pars in gramineis exerceant membra palæstris,  
 Contendunt ludo, et sulvâ luctantur arenâ:  
 Pars pedibus plaudunt choreas, et carmina dicunt.  
 Arma procul currusque virum mirator inanes.  
 Stant terrâ defixæ hastæ, passimque soluti  
 Per campos pascuntur equi. Quæ gratia currum  
 Armorumque fuit vivis, quæ cura nitentes  
 Pascere equos, eadem sequitur tellure repositos.*

*VIRG. Aeneid. vi.*

## THE PREFACE.

Part on the grassy cirque their plant limbs  
 In wrestling exercise, or on the sands  
 Struggling dispute the prize. Part lead the ring,  
 Or swell the chorus with alternate lays.  
 The chief their arms admire, their empty cars,  
 Their lances fix'd in earth. Th' unharnish'd steeds  
 Graze unrestrain'd: horses, and cars, and arms,  
 All the same fond desires, and pleasing cares,  
 Still haunt their shades, and after death survive.

I hope therefore I may be indulg'd (even  
 by the more grave and censorious part of  
 mankind) if at my leisure hours, I run o-  
 ver, in my elbow-chair, some of those cha-  
 ces, which were once the delight of a more  
 vigorous age. It is an entertaining, and (as  
 I conceived) a very innocent amusement.  
 The result of these rambling imaginations  
 will be found in the following poem; which  
 if equally diverting to my readers, as to my  
 self, I shall have gain'd my end. I have in-  
 termix'd the preceptive parts with so many  
 descriptions and digressions in the Geor-  
 gic manner, that I hope they will not be  
 tedious. I am sure they are very necessary  
 to be well understood by any gentleman,  
 who would enjoy this noble sport in full  
 perfection. In this at least I may comfort

## THE PREFACE.

my self, that I cannot trespass upon their patience more than Markham, Blome, and the other prose writers upon this subject.

— It is most certain, that hunting was the exercise of the greatest heroes in antiquity. By this they form'd themselves for war; and their exploits against wild beasts were a prelude to their future victories. Xenophon says, that almost all the ancient heroes, Nestor, Theseus, Castor, Pollux, Ulysses, Diomedes, Achilles, etc. were *Μαθηταὶ Κυνήσεως*, disciples of hunting; being taught carefully that art, as what would be highly serviceable to them in military discipline. Xen. *Cynegetic.* And Pliny observes, those who were design'd for great captains, were first taught "*certare cum fugacibus feris cursu, cum audacibus robore, cum callidis astu*:" to contest with the swiftest wild beasts, in speed; with the boldest, in strength; with the most cunning, in craft and subtilty. Plin. *Panegy.* And the Roman Emperors, in those monuments they erected to transmit their actions to future ages, made no scruple to join the glories of the chase to their most celebrated triumphs. Neither were their

## THE PREFACE

Poets wanting to do justice to this heroic exercise. Beside that of Oppian in Greek, we have several poems in Latin upon hunting. Gratus was contemporary with Ovid; as appears by this verse,

*Aptaque venanti Gratus arma dabit*

LAB. IV. PONT.

Gratus shall arm the huntsman for the chase.

but of his works only some fragments remain. There are many others of more modern date. Amongst these Nemesianus; who seems very much superior to Gratus; tho' of a more degenerate age. But only a fragment of his first book is preserved. We might indeed have expected to have seen it treated more at large by Virgil in his third Georgick, since it is expressly part of his subject. But he has favoured us only with ten verses; and what he says of dogs, relates wholly to gray-hounds and mastiffs.

*Veloces Spartac. catulos, arcemque Molossim.*

GEOR. III.

The grayhound swift, and mastiff's furious breed.

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## THE PREFACE

And he directs us to feed them with buttermilk. *Palce lero pingui.* He has, it is true, touch'd upon the chase in the 4th and 7th books of the *Aeneid*. But it is evident, that the art of hunting is very different now, from what it was in his days, and very much alter'd and improv'd in these latter ages. It does not appear to me that the ancients had any notion of pursuing wild beasts by the scent only, with a regular and well-disciplin'd pack of hounds; and therefore they must have pass'd for poachers amongst our modern sportsmen. The muster-roll given us by Ovid, in his story of *Ateon*, is of all sorts of dogs, and of all countries. And the description of the ancient hunting, as we find it in the antiquities of *Pere de Montfaucon*, taken from the sepulchre of the *Nasos*, and the arch of *Constantine*, has not the least trace of the manner now in use.

Whenever the ancients mention dogs followed by the scent, they mean no more than finding out the game by the nose of one single dog. This was as much as they knew of the "*odora canum vis*." Thus *Nemesianus* says,

## THE PREFACE.

Oderis non sunt vestigia prae,  
Atque etiam Epurum secreta cubilia manant.

They challenge on the mead the recent stains,  
And trail the hare into her secret form.

Oppian has a long description of these dogs in his first book from ver. 479 to 526. And here, tho' he seems to describe the hunting of the hare by the scent thro' many turnings and windings; yet he really says no more, than that one of these hounds, which he calls *ixvulnec*, finds out the game. For he follows the scent no further than the hare's form; from whence, after he has started her, he pursues her by sight. I am indebted for these two last remarks to a reverend and very learned gentleman; whose judgment in the belles lettres no body disputes, and whose approbation gave me the assurance to publish this poem.

Oppian also observes, that the best sort of these finders were brought from Britain; this Island having always been famous, (as it is at this day) for the best breed of hounds, for persons the best skill'd in the art of hunting, and for horses the most enduring to fol-

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## THE PREFACE

low the blame. It is therefore strange that none of our poets have yet thought it worth their while to treat of this subject; which is without doubt very noble in itself, and very well adapted to receive the most beautiful turns of poetry. Perhaps our poets have no great genius for hunting. Yet I hope, my brethren of the couples, by encouraging this first, but imperfect essay, will shew the world they have at least some taste for poetry.

The ancients esteemed hunting, not only as a manly and warlike exercise, but as highly conducive to health. The famous Galen recommends it above all others, as not only exercising the body, but giving delight and entertainment to the mind. And he calls the inventors of this art wise men, and well skill'd in human nature. lib. de parvae pilae exercitio.

The gentlemen, who are fond of a gingle at the close of every verse, and think no poem truly musical but what is in rhyme, will here find themselves disappointed. If they will be pleased to read over the short preface before the *Paradise Lost*, Mr. Smith's

## THE PREFACE

poem in memory of his friend Mr. John Philips, and the Archbishop of Cambray's letter to Monsieur Fontenelle, they may probably be of another opinion. For my own part, I shall not be ashamed to follow the example of Milton, Philips, Thomson, and all our best tragic writers.

Some few terms of art are dispers'd here and there; but such only as are absolutely requisite to explain my subject. I hope in this the criticks will excuse me; for I am humbly of opinion, that the affectation, and not the necessary use, is the proper object of their censure.

But I have done. I know the impatience of my brethren, when a fine day, and the consort of the kennel, invite them abroad. I shall therefore leave my reader to such diversion, as he may find in the poem itself.

En age, segnes,

Rumpe moras; vocat ingenti clamore Cithaeron,  
Taygetique canes, domitrixque Epidaurusequorum;  
Et vox assensu nemorum ingeminata remugit.

VIRG. Georg. 111.

Hark, away,

Cast far behind the lingring cares of life.

# THE PREFACE.

Cithæron calls aloud, and in full cry  
Thy hounds, Taygetus. Epidaurus trains  
For us the gen'rous blood; the hunter's shouts,  
And chearing cries, assenting woods return.

## CH A C E

W HEN, Sir, gain the steep ascent to fame;  
And honour due to British merit claim;  
To a weak muse, a kind indulgence lend,  
To aid with just praise your labours to commend,  
And tell the world, that Somerville's her friend.  
Her incense gusheth of the founts of art;  
Breaths all the husbandman's honesty of heart;  
Whose fancy fills the pleasing scene remains  
Of Elysian villa and Arcadian plains;  
Joy, which from change superior charms receiv'd,  
The horn pours sounding by the lyre receiv'd;  
When the day crown'd with rural chaste delight,  
Relaxes opinions to the festive night;  
The festive night washes in harmonious lay,  
And in sweet-verse recounts the triumphs of the day.  
Strange! that the British muse should leave so long  
The chase, the sport of Britain's kings, unsung!  
Distinguish'd land! by leaves' indulg'd to breed  
The flow'rs, fragrantious honied, and gen'rous head;  
I vain I while yet no bard adorn'd our isle,  
To celebrate the glorious system roll.  
For this what daring on th' ill-fated day  
God of us' merriment bow, and uncel'ly day?

THE PREFACE  
T O  
WILLIAM SOMERVILLE, Esq;

On his POEM called

T H E  
C H A C E.

W H I L E You, Sir, gain the steep ascent to fame,  
And honours due to deathless merit claim;  
To a weak muse, a kind indulgence lend,  
Fond with just praise your labours to commend,  
And tell the world, that Somervile's her friend. }  
Her incense guiltless of the forms of art  
Breaths all the huntsman's honesty of heart;  
Whose fancy still the pleasing scene retains  
Of Edric's villa and Ardenna's plains :  
Joys, which from change superior charms receiv'd,  
The horn horse sounding by the lyre reliev'd :  
When the day crown'd with rural chaste delight,  
Relinquish obsequious to the festive night ;  
The festive night awakes th' harmonious lay,  
And in sweet-verse recounts the triumphs of the day.  
Strange ! that the British muse should leave so long  
The chase, the sport of Britain's kings, unsung !  
Distinguish'd land ! by Heav'n indulg'd to breed  
The stout, sagacious hound, and gen'rous steed ;  
In vain ! while yet no bard adorn'd our isle,  
To celebrate the glorious sylvan toil.  
For this what darling son shall feel thy fire,  
God of th' unerring bow, and tuneful lyre ?

Our vows are heard—Attend, ye vocal throng,  
 SOMERVILLE meditates th' advent'rous song.  
 Bold to attempt, and happy to excell,  
 His num'rous verse the huntsman's art shall tell.  
 From him, ye British youths, a vig'rous race,  
 Imbibe the various science of the chace;  
 And while the well-plann'd system you admire,  
 Know Brunswick only could the work inspire:  
 A Georgic muse awaits Augustan days,  
 And Somerville's will sing, when Frederica give the  
 bays.

JOHN NIXON.

ONCE more, my friend, I touch the trembling lyre,  
And in my bosom feel poetick fire.  
For thee I quit the laws more rugged ways,  
To pay my humble tribute to thy lays.  
What, tho' I daily turn each learned sage,  
And labour thro' the unenlighten'd page :  
Wak'd by thy lines, the borrow'd flames I feel,  
As flints give fire when aided by the steel.  
Tho' in sulphureous clouds of smোক confin'd,  
Thy rural scenes spring fresh into my mind.  
Thy genius in such colours paints the chase,  
The real to fictitious joys give place.  
When the wild musick charms my ravish'd ear,  
How dull, how tasteless Handel's notes appear !  
Ev'n Farinelli's self the palm resigns,  
He yields——but to the musick of thy lines.  
If friends to poetry can yet be found ;  
Who without blushing sense prefer to sound ;  
Then let this soft, this soul-ensfeebling band,  
These warbling minstrels quit the beggar'd land.  
They but a momentary joy impart,  
'Tis you, who touch the soul, and warm the heart.

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How tempting do thy sylvan sports appear !  
Ev'n wild ambition might vouchsafe an ear,  
Might her fond lust of pow'r a while compose,  
And gladly change it for thy sweet repose.  
No fierce, unruly senates, threaten here,  
No axe, no scaffold, to the view appear,  
No envy, disappointment, and despair.  
Here blest vicissitude ! whene'er you please,  
You step from exercise to learned ease ;  
Turn o'er each chaslick page, each beauty trace,  
The mind unwearied in the pleasing chase.  
Oh ! would kind Heav'n such happiness bestow,  
Let fools, let knaves, be masters here below.  
Grandeur and place, those baits to catch the wise,  
And all their pageant train, I pity and despise.

J. TRACY.

**The Argument of the first Book.**

**T**HE subject proposed. Address to his Royal Highness the prince. The origin of hunting. The rude and unpolish'd manner of the first hunters. Beasts at first hunted for food and sacrifice. The grant made by God to man of the beasts, &c. The regular manner of hunting first brought into this Island by the Normans. The best hounds and best horses bred here. The advantage of this exercise to us, as Islanders. Address to gentlemen of estates. Situation of the kennel, and its several courts. The diversion and employment of hounds in the kennel. The different sorts of hounds for each different chase. Description of a perfect hound. Of sizing and sorting of hounds, the middle-sized hound recommended. Of the large deep mouth'd hound for hunting the stag and otter. Of the lime hound; their use on the borders of England and Scotland. A physical account of scents. Of good and bad scenting days. A short admonition to my brethren of the couples.

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# THE CHACE.

## P O E M.

**T**HE chace I sing, hounds, and their various breed,  
 And no less various use. O thou great prince !  
 Whom Cambria's tow'ring hills proclaim their lord,  
 Deign thou to hear my bold, instructive song.  
 While grateful citizens with pompous shew  
 Rear the triumphal arch, rich with th' exploits  
 Of thy illustrious house ; while virgins pave  
 Thy way with flow'rs, and, as the Royal youth  
 Passing they view, admire, and sigh in vain ;  
 While crowded theatres, too fondly proud  
 Of their exotick minstrels, and shrill pipes,  
 The price of manhood, hail thee with a song,  
 And airs soft-warbling ; my hoarse-sounding horn  
 Invites thee to the chace, the sport of kings ;  
 Image of war, without its guilt. The muse  
 Aloft on wing shall soar, conduct with care  
 Thy foaming courser o'er the steepy rock,  
 Or on the river bank receive thee safe,  
 Light bounding o'er the wave, from shore to shore.  
 Be thou our great protector, gracious youth !  
 And if in future times, some envious prince,  
 Careless of right and guileful, shou'd invade  
 Thy Britain's commerce, or shou'd strive in vain

To wrest the balance from thy equal hand ;  
 Thy hunter-train, in chearful green array'd, 25  
 (A band undaunted, and inur'd to toils,) Shall compass thee around, die at thy feet,  
 Or hew thy passage thro' th' embattled foe,  
 And clear thy way to fame ; inspir'd by thee  
 The nobler chace of glory shall pursue 30  
 Thro' fire, and smoke, and blood, and fields of death.

Nature, in her productions slow, aspires  
 By just degrees to reach perfection's height ;  
 So mimick art works leisurely, till time  
 Improve the piece, or wise experience give 35  
 The proper finishing. When Nimrod bold,  
 That mighty hunter, first made war on beasts,  
 And stain'd the wood-land green with purple dye,  
 New, and unpolish'd was the huntsman's art ;  
 No stated rule, his wanton will his guide. 40  
 With clubs and stones, rude implements of war,  
 He arm'd his savage bands, a multitude  
 Untrain'd ; of twining osiers form'd, they pitch  
 Their artless toils, then range the desert hills,  
 And scow'r the plains below ; the trembling herd 45  
 Start at th' unusual sound, and clam'rous shout  
 Unheard before ; surpris'd alas ! to find  
 Man now their foe, whom erst they deem'd their lord ;  
 But mild and gentle, and by whom as yet  
 Secure they graz'd. Death stretches o'er the plain 50  
 Wide-wasting, and grim slaughter red with blood ;  
 Urg'd on by hunger keen, they wound, they kill,  
 Their rage licentious knows no bound ; at last  
 Incumber'd with their spoils, joyful they bear,  
 Upon their shoulders broad, the bleeding prey. 55  
 Part on their altars smokes a sacrifice  
 To that all-gracious Pow'r, whose bounteous hand

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Supports his wide creation ; what remains  
 25 On living coals they broil, inelegant  
 Of taste, nor skill'd as yet in nicer arts 60  
 Of pamper'd luxury. Devotion pure,  
 And strong necessity, thus first began  
 The chace of beasts : tho' bloody was the deed,  
 30 Yet without guilt. For the green herb alone  
 Unequal to sustain man's lab'ring race, 65  
 \* Now every moving thing that liv'd on earth  
 Was granted him for food. So just is Heav'n,  
 To give us in proportion to our wants.

Or chance or industry in after-times  
 Some few improvements made, but short as yet 70  
 Of due perfection. In this isle remote  
 Our painted ancestors were slow to learn,  
 To arms devote, of the politer arts  
 40 Nor skill'd nor studious ; 'till from Neustria's coasts  
 Victorious William, to more decent rules 75  
 Subdu'd our Saxon fathers, taught to speak  
 The proper dialect, with horn and voice  
 To cheer the busy hound, whose well-known cry  
 45 His list'ning peers approve with joint acclaim.  
 From him successive hunters learn'd to join, 80  
 In bloody social leagues, the multitude  
 Dispers'd, to sive, to sort their various tribes,  
 To rear, feed, hunt, and discipline the pack.

Hail, happy Britain ! highly favour'd isle,  
 And Heav'n's peculiar care ! to thee 'tis giv'n 85  
 To train the sprightly steed, more fleet than those  
 Begot by winds, or the celestial breed  
 That bore the great Pelides thro' the press  
 55 Of heroes arm'd, and broke their crowded ranks ;  
 Which proudly neighing, with the sun begins 90

Chearful his course ; and e'er his beams decline,  
 Has measur'd half thy surface unfatigued.  
 In thee alone, fair land of liberty !  
 Is bred the perfect hound, in scent and speed  
 As yet unrivall'd, while in other climes  
 Their virtue fails, a weak degen'rate race.  
 In vain malignant steams, and winter fogs  
 Load the dull air, and hover round our coasts,  
 The huntsman ever gay, robust, and bold,  
 Defies the noxious vapour, and confides  
 In this delightful exercise, to raise  
 His drooping herd, and cheer his heart with joy.

Ye vig'rous youths, by smiling fortune blest  
 With large Demefnes, hereditary wealth,  
 Heap'd copious by your wise fore-fathers care,  
 Hear and attend ! while I the means reveal  
 T'enjoy those pleasures, for the weak too strong,  
 Too costly for the poor: to rein the steed  
 Swift stretching o'er the plain, to cheer the pack  
 Op'ning in consorts of harmonious joy,  
 But breathing death. What tho' the grip severe  
 Of brazen fisted time, and slow disease  
 Creeping thro' ev'ry vein, and nerve unstrung,  
 Afflict my shatter'd frame, undaunted still,  
 Fix'd as a mountain ash, that braves the bolts  
 Of angry Jove ; tho' blasted, yet unfallen ;  
 Still can my soul in fancy's mirrour view  
 Deeds glorious once, recal the joyous scene  
 In all its splendors deck'd, o'er the full bowl  
 Recount my triumphs past, urge others on  
 With hand and voice, and point the winding way :  
 Pleas'd with that social sweet garrulity,  
 The poor disbanded Vet'ran's sole delight.

First let the kennel be the huntsman's care,

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Upon some little eminence erect, 125  
And fronting to the ruddy dawn ; its courts  
On either hand wide op'ning to receive  
The sun's all-chearing beams, when mild he shines,  
95 And gilds the mountain tops, for much the pack  
(Rous'd from their dark alcoves) delight to stretch,  
And bask, in his invigorating ray : 131  
Warn'd by the streaming light, and merry lark,  
Forth rush the jolly clan ; with tuneful throats  
100 They carol loud, and in grand chorus join'd  
Salute the new-born day. For not alone 135  
The vegetable world, but men and brutes  
Own his reviving influence, and joy  
At his approach. Fountain of light ! if chance  
105 Some envious cloud veil thy refulgent brow,  
In vain the muses aid, untouch'd, unstrung,  
g, Lies my mute harp, and thy desponding bard  
Sits darkly musing o'er the unfinish'd lay.

Let no Corinthian pillars prop the dome,  
110 A vain expence, on charitable deeds  
Better dispos'd, to cloath the tatter'd wretch, 145  
Who shrinks beneath the blast, to feed the poor  
Pinch'd with afflictive want : for use, not state,  
Gracefully plain, let each apartment rise.  
115 O'er all let cleanliness preside, no scraps  
Bestrew the pavement, and no half pick'd bones, 150  
To kindle fierce debate, or to disgust  
That nicer sense, on which the sportsman's hope,  
And all his future triumphs must depend.  
120 Soon as the growling pack with eager joy  
y : Have lapp'd their smoking viands, morn or eve, 155  
From the full cistern lead the ductile streams,  
To wash thy court well pav'd, nor spare thy pains,  
For much to health will cleanliness avail.

Seek'st thou for hounds to climb the rocky steep,  
 And brush th' entangled covert, whose nice scent,  
 O'er greasy fallows, and frequented roads,  
 Can pick the dubious way ? banish far off  
 Each noisome stench, let no offensive smell  
 Invade thy wide inclosure, but admit  
 The nitrous air, and purifying breeze.

Water and shade no less demand thy care :  
 In a large square the adjacent field inclose,  
 There plant in equal ranks the spreading elm,  
 Or fragrant lime ; most happy thy design,  
 If, at the bottom of thy spacious court,  
 A large canal, fed by the crystal brook,  
 From its transparent bosom shall reflect  
 Thy downward structure and inverted grove.  
 Here when the sun's too potent gleams annoy  
 The crowded kennel, and the drooping pack  
 Restless and faint, loll their unmoisten'd tongues,  
 And drop their feeble tails ; to cooler shades  
 Lead forth the panting tribe ; soon shalt thou find  
 The cordial breeze their fainting hearts revive :  
 Tumultuous soon they plunge into the stream,  
 There lave their reeking sides, with greedy joy  
 Gulph down the flying wave, this way and that  
 From shore to shore they swim, while clamour loud  
 And wild uproar torments the troubled flood :  
 Then on the sunny bank they roll and stretch  
 Their dripping limbs, or else in wanton rings  
 Courting around, pursuing and pursu'd,  
 The merry multitude disporting play.

But here with watchful and observant eye,  
 Attend their frolicks, which too often end  
 In bloody broils and death. High o'er thy head,  
 Wave thy resounding whip, and with a voice

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Fierce-menacing o'er-rule the stern debate,  
And quench their kindling rage ; for oft in sport  
Begun, combat ensues, growling they snarl, 195  
Then on their haunches rear'd, rampant they seize  
Each others throats, with teeth, and claws, in gore  
Besmear'd they wound, they tear, 'till on the ground,  
Panting, half dead the conquer'd champion lies:  
Then sudden all the base ignoble crowd 200  
Loud clam'ring seize the helpless worried wretch,  
And thirsting for his blood, drag diff'rent ways  
His mangled carcass on the ensanguin'd plain.  
O breasts of pity void ! t'oppress the weak,  
To point your vengeance at the friendless head, 205  
And with one mutual cry insult the fall'n  
Emblem too just of man's degen'rate race.

Others apart by native instinct led,  
Knowing instructor ! 'mong the ranker grass  
Cull each salubrious plant, with bitter juice 210  
Concoctive stor'd, and potent to allay  
Each vitious ferment. Thus the hand divine  
Of providence, beneficent and kind  
To all his creatures, for the brutes prescribes  
A ready remedy, and is himself 215  
Their great physician. Now grown stiff with age,  
And many a painful chace, the wise old hound,  
Regardless of the frolick pack, attends  
His master's side, or slumbers at his ease  
Beneath the bending shade ; there many a ring 220  
Runs o'er in dreams ; now on the doubtful foil  
Puzzles perplex'd, or doubles intricate  
Cautious unfolds, then wing'd with all his speed,  
Bounds o'er the lawn to seize his panting prey :  
And in imperfect whim'p'ring's speaks his joy. 225  
A diff'rent bound for ev'ry diff'rent chace

Select with judgment ; nor the tim'rous hare  
 O'ermatch'd destroy, but leave that vile offence  
 To the mean, murd'rous, courting crew ; intent  
 On blood and spoil. O blast their hopes, just Heav'n !  
 And all their painful drudgeries repay 231  
 With disappointment and severe remorse.  
 But husband thou thy pleasures, and give scope  
 To all her subtle play : by nature led  
 A thousand shifts she tries ; t'unravel these 235  
 Th' industrious beagle twists his waving tail.  
 Thro' all her labyrinths pursues, and rings  
 Her doleful knell. See there with count'nance blith,  
 And with a courtly grin, the fawning hound  
 Salutes thee cowering, his wide opening nose 240  
 Upward he curls, and his large sloe-black eyes  
 Melt in soft blandishments, and humble joy ;  
 His glossy skin, or yellow pied, or blue,  
 In lights or shades by nature's pencil drawn,  
 Reflects the various tints ; his ears and legs 245  
 Fleckt here and there, in gay enamel'd pride,  
 Rival the speckled pard ; his rush-grown tail  
 O'er his broad back bends in an ample arch ;  
 On shoulders clean, upright and firm he stands ;  
 His round cat-foot, strait hams, and wide spread-thighs,  
 And his low dropping chest, confess his speed, 251  
 His strength, his wind, or on the steepy hill,  
 Or far extended plain ; in ev'ry part  
 So well proportion'd, that the nicer skill  
 Of Phidias himself can't blame thy choice. 255  
 Of such compose thy pack. But here a mean  
 Observe, nor the large hound prefer, of size  
 Gigantick ; he in the thick woven covert  
 Painfully tugs, or in the thorny brake  
 Torn and embarrass'd bleeds : but if too small, 260

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The pigmy brood in ev'ry furrow swims;  
Moi'd in the clogging clay, panting they lag  
Behind inglorious; or else shivering creep  
Benumb'd and faint beneath the shelt'ring thorn,  
For hounds of middle size, active and strong,  
Will better answer all thy various ends,  
And crown thy pleasing labours with success.

As some brave captain, curious and exact,  
By his fix'd standard forms in equal ranks  
His gay Battalion, as one man they move  
Step after step, their size the same, their arms  
Far-gleaming, dart the same united blaze:  
Reviewing generals his merit own;  
How regular! How just! and all his cares  
Are well repaid, if mighty GEORGE approve.

So model thou thy pack, if honour touch  
Thy gen'rous soul, and the world's just applause.  
But above all take heed, nor mix thy hounds  
Of diff'rent kinds; discordant sounds shall grate  
Thy ears offended, and a lagging line  
Of babbling curs disgrace thy broken pack.

But if th' amphibious Otter be thy chace,  
Or stately stag, that o'er the woodland reigns;  
Or if th' harmonious thunder of the field  
Delight thy ravish'd ears; the deep-slew'd hound  
Breed up with care, strong, heavy, slow, but sure;  
Whose ears down hanging from his thick round head  
Shall sweep the morning dew, whose clanging voice

Awake the mountain echo in her cell,  
And shake the forests: the bold Talbot kind  
Of these the prime, as white as Alpine snows;  
And great their use of old. Upon the banks  
Of Tweed, slow winding thro' the vale, the seat  
Of war and rapine once, e'er Britons knew

The sweets of peace, or Anna's dread commands 299  
 To lasting leagues the haughty rivals aw'd,  
 There dwelt a pilf'ring race; well train'd and skill'd  
 In all the mysteries of theft, the spoil  
 Their only substance, feuds and war their sport:  
 Not more expert in ev'ry fraudulent art 300  
 Th' arch \*Felon was of old, who by the tail  
 Drew back his lowing prize: in vain his wiles,  
 In vain the shelter of the covering rock,  
 In vain the sooty cloud, and ruddy flames  
 That issu'd from his mouth; for soon he paid 305  
 His forfeit life: a debt how justly due  
 To wrong'd Alcides, and avenging Heav'n!  
 Veil'd in the shades of night they ford the stream,  
 Then probing far and near, whate'er they seize 309  
 Becomes their prey; nor flocks nor herds are safe,  
 Nor stalls protect the steer, nor strong barr'd doors  
 Secure the fav'rite horse. Soon as the morn  
 Reveals his wrongs, with ghastly visage wan  
 The plunder'd owner stands, and from his lips  
 A thousand thronging curses burst their way: 315  
 He calls his stout allies, and in a line  
 His faithful hound he leads, then with a voice  
 That utters loud his rage, attentive cheers:  
 Soon the sagacious brute, his curling tail  
 Flourish'd in air, low-bending plies around 320  
 His busy nose, the steaming vapour snuffs  
 Inquisitive, nor leaves one turf untried,  
 'Till conscious of the recent stains, his heart  
 Beats quick; his snuffling nose, his active tail  
 Attest his joy; then with deep op'ning mouth 325  
 That makes the welkin tremble, he proclaims  
 Th' audacious Felon; foot by foot he marks

\* Cacus. Virg. Aen. Lib. VIII.

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His winding way, while all the list'ning crowd  
 Applaud his reas'nings. O'er the watry ford,  
 Dry sandy beaths, and stony barren hills;  
 O'er beaten paths, with men and beasts distain'd,  
 Unerring he pursues; till at the cot  
 Arriv'd, and seizing by his guilty throat  
 The caitif vile, redeems the captive prey:  
 So exquisitely delicate his sense!  
 Shou'd some more curious sportsman here enquire,  
 Whence this sagacity, this wond'rous pow'r  
 Of tracing step by step, or man or brute?  
 What guide invisible points out their way,  
 O'er the dark marsh, bleak hill, and sandy plain?  
 The courteous muse shall the dark cause reveal.  
 The blood that from the heart incessant rolls  
 In many a crimson tide, then here and there  
 In smaller rills disparted, as it flows  
 Propell'd, the ferous particles evade  
 Thro' the open pores, and with the ambient air  
 Entangling mix. As fuming vapours rise,  
 And hang upon the gently purling brook,  
 There by th' incumbent Atmosphere compress'd,  
 The panting chace grows warmer as he flies,  
 And thro' the net-work of the skin perspires;  
 Leaves a long streaming trail behind, which by  
 The cooler air condens'd, remains, unless  
 By some rude storm dispers'd, or rarified  
 By the meridian's Sun's intenser heat.  
 To ev'ry shrub the warm effluvia cling,  
 Hang on the grass, impregnate earth and skies  
 With nostrils op'ning wide, o'er hill, o'er dale,  
 The vig'rous hounds pursue; with ev'ry breath  
 Inhale the grateful steam, quick pleasures sting  
 Their tingling nerves, while they their thanks repay,

And in triumphant melody confels  
 The titillating joy. Thus on the air  
 Depend the hunter's hopes. When ruddy streaks  
 At eve forebode a blust'ring stormy day, 365  
 Or low'ring clouds blacken the mountain's brow,  
 When nipping frosts, and the keen biting blasts,  
 Of the dry parching East, menace the trees  
 With tender blossoms teeming, kindly spare  
 Thy sleeping pack, in their warm beds of straw 370  
 Low-sinking at their ease; listless they shrink  
 Into some dark recess, nor hear thy voice  
 Tho' oft invok'd; or haply if thy call  
 Rouze up the slumb'ring tribe, with heavy eyes  
 Glaz'd, lifeless, dull, downward they drop their tails  
 Inverted; high on their bent backs erect 375  
 Their pointed bristles stare, or 'mong the tufts  
 Of ranker weeds, each stomach-healing plant  
 Curious they crop, sick, spiritless, forlorn.  
 These inauspicious days, on other cares 380  
 Employ thy precious hours; th' improving friend  
 With open arms embrace, and from his lips  
 Glean science, season'd with good-natur'd wit.  
 But if the inclement skies and angry Jove  
 Forbid the pleasing intercourse, thy books 385  
 Invite thy ready hand, each sacred page  
 Rich with the wise remarks of heroes old.  
 Converse familiar with the illustrious dead;  
 With great examples of old Greece or Rome  
 Enlarge thy free born heart, and bless kind Heav'n,  
 That Britain yet enjoys dear liberty, 391  
 That balm of life, that sweetest blessing, cheap  
 Tho' purchas'd with our blood. Well-bred, polite,  
 Credit thy calling. See! how mean, how low,  
 The bookless sauntring youth, proud of the skut 395

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That dignifies his cap, his flourish'd belt,  
 And rusty couples gingling by his side.  
 Be thou of other mold ; and know that such  
 Transporting pleasures were by Heav'n ordain'd  
 Wisdom's relief, and virtue's great reward.

400

The Argument of the second book.

○ If the power of reasoning in brutes. Two remain.  
 This instance in the hunting of the roe-buck.  
 and in the hunt going to sea in the morning. Of  
 the variety of seas or forms of the hunt, according to  
 the change of the season, weather or wind. Description  
 of the hunt in all its parts, interspersed with  
 tales to be collect'd by those who follow that chace.  
 Transition to the African way of hunting, particular-  
 ly the magnificent manner of the Great Mogul, and a  
 description of the Turkish practice taken from Monsieur de  
 and the history of Gengis Khan the Great. Conclusion  
 with a short report of tyrants and oppressors of man-  
 kind.

And truly couples & single by his side,  
 Beasts of other mold; and know that such  
 Transporting pleasures were by Heaven ordain'd  
 Wisdom's rich, and virtue's great reward.

### The Argument of the second book.

**O**F the power of instinct in brutes. Two remarkable instances in the hunting of the roe-buck, and in the hare going to seat in the morning. Of the variety of seats or forms of the hare, according to the change of the season, weather or wind. Description of the hare hunting in all its parts, interspers'd with rules to be observ'd by those who follow that chase. Transition to the Asiatick way of hunting, particularly the magnificent manner of the Great Mogul, and other Tartarian princes, taken from Monsieur Bernier, and the history of Gengiskan the Great. Concludes with a short reproof of tyrants and oppressors of mankind.

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## BOOK the Second.

**N**OR will it less delight th' attentive sage  
 T'observe that instinct, which unerring guides  
 The brutal race, which mimicks reason's lore  
 And oft transcends : Heav'n taught the roe-buck swift  
 Loiters at ease before the driving pack,  
 And mocks their vain pursuit, nor far he flies  
 But checks his ardour, 'till the steaming scent  
 That freshens on the blade, provokes their rage.  
 Urg'd to their speed, his weak deluded force  
 Soon flag fatigu'd ; strain'd to excess each nerve,  
 Each slacken'd sinew fails ; they pant, they foam ;  
 Then o'er the land he bounds, o'er the high hills  
 Stretches secure, and leaves the scatter'd crowd  
 To puzzle in the distant vale below.

'Tis instinct that directs the jealous hare  
 To chuse her soft abode : with step revers'd  
 She forms the doubling maze ; then, e'er the morn  
 Peeps thro' the clouds, leaps to her close recess.

As wand'ring shepherds on the Arabian plains  
 No settled residence observe, but shift  
 Their moving camp, now, on some cooler hill  
 With cedars crown'd, court the refreshing breeze ;  
 And then, below, where trickling streams distill  
 From some penurious source, their thirst allay,  
 And feed their fainting flocks : so the wise hares  
 Oft quit their seats, lest some more curious eye  
 Shou'd mark their haunts, and by dark treach'rous wiles  
 Plot their destruction ; or perchance in hopes  
 Of plenteous forage, near the ranker mead,  
 Or matted blade, wary, and close they sit,

When spring shines forth, season of love and joy,  
 In the moist marsh, 'mong beds of rushes hid,  
 They cool their boiling blood : when summer suns  
 Bake the cleft earth, to thick wide waving fields  
 Of corn full grown, they lead their helpless young :  
 But when autumnal torrents, and fierce rains 36  
 Deluge the vale, in the dry crumbling bank  
 Their forms they delye, and cautiously avoid  
 The dripping covert : yet when winter's cold  
 Their limbs benumbs, thither with speed return'd  
 In the long grass they skulk, or shrinking creep 41  
 Among the wither'd leaves, thus changing still,  
 As fancy prompts them, or as food invites.  
 But ev'ry season carefully observ'd,  
 Th' inconstant winds, the fickle element, 45  
 The wise experienc'd huntsman soon may find  
 His subtle, various game, nor waste in vain  
 His tedious hours, 'till his impatient hounds  
 With disappointment vex'd, each springing lark  
 Babbling pursue, far scatter'd o'er the fields. 50

Now golden autumn from her open lap  
 Her fragrant bounties show'rs ; the fields are shorn ;  
 Inwardly smiling, the proud farmer views  
 The rising pyramids that grace his yard,  
 And counts his large increase ; his barns are stor'd,  
 And groaning staddles bend beneath their load. 56  
 All now is free as air, and the gay pack  
 In the rough bristly stubbles range unblam'd ;  
 No widow's tears o'erflow, no secret curse  
 Swells in the farmer's breast, which his pale lips 60  
 Trembling conceal, by his fierce landlord aw'd :  
 But courteous now he levels ev'ry fence,  
 Joins in the common cry, and hollows loud,  
 Charm'd with the rattling thunder of the field.

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Oh bear me, some kind pow'r invisible ! 65  
To that extended lawn, where the gay court  
View the swift racers, stretching to the goal ;  
Games more renown'd, and a far nobler train  
Than proud Elean fields could boast of old.  
Oh ! were a Theban lyre not wanting here, 70  
And Pindar's voice, to do their merit right !  
Or to those spacious plains, where the strain'd eye  
In the wide prospect lost, beholds at last  
Sarum's proud spire, that o'er the hills ascends,  
And pierces through the clouds. Or to thy downs, 75  
Fair Cotswold, where the well breath'd beagle climbs,  
With matchless speed, thy green aspiring brow,  
And leaves the lagging multitude behind.

Hail, gentle dawn ! mild blushing goddess, hail !  
Rejoyc'd I see thy purple mantle spread 80  
O'er half the skies, gems pave thy radiant way,  
And orient pearls from ev'ry shrub depend.  
Farewel, Cleora ; here deep sunk in down  
Slumber secure, with happy dreams amus'd,  
'Till grateful steams shall tempt thee to receive 85  
Thy early meal, or thy officious maids,  
The toilet plac'd, shall urge thee to perform  
Th' important work. Me other joys invite,  
The horn sonorous calls, the pack awak'd  
Their mattins chant, nor brook my long delay. 90  
My courser hears their voice ; see there with ears  
And tail erect, neighing he paws the ground ;  
Fierce rapture kindles in his red'ning eyes,  
And boils in ev'ry vein. As captive boys  
Cow'd by the ruling rod, and haughty frowns 95  
Of pedagogues severe, from their hard tasks  
If once dismiss'd, no limits can contain,  
The tumult rais'd within their little breasts,

But give a loofe to all their frolick play;  
 So from their kennel rufh the joyous pack;  
 A thoufand wanton gayeties exprefs  
 Their inward extafy, their pleafing fport  
 Once more indulg'd, and liberty reftor'd.  
 The rifing fun that o'er the horizon peeps,  
 As many colours from their glosfy fkins  
 Beaming reflects, as paint the various bow  
 When April fhew'rs defcend. Delightful fcene!  
 Where all around is gay, men, horfes, dogs,  
 And in each fmiling countenance appears  
 Fresh-blooming health, and univerfal joy. 110

Huntsman, lead on! behind the cluftring pack  
 Submifs attend, hear with refpect thy whip  
 Loud clanging, and thy harfhier voice obey:  
 Spare not the flagging cur, that wildly roves;  
 But let thy brisk affiftant on his back  
 Imprint thy juft refentments; let each lafh  
 Bite to the quick, 'till howling he return  
 And whining creep amid the trembling crowd.

Here on this verdant fpot, where nature kind,  
 With double bleffings crowns the farmer's hopes; 120  
 Where flow'rs autumnal fpring, and the rank mead  
 Affords the wandering hares a rich repaft;  
 Throw off thy ready pack. See, where they fpread  
 And range around, and dafh the glittering dew.  
 If fome ftanch hound, with his authentick voice, 125  
 Avow the recent trail, the juftling tribe  
 Attend his call, then with one mutual cry,  
 The welcome news confirm, and echoing hills  
 Repeat the pleafing tale. See how they thread  
 The brakes, and upyon furrow drive along! 130  
 But quick they back recoil, and wifely check  
 Their eager hafte; then o'er the fallow'd ground

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How leisurely they work, and many a pause  
Th' harmonious consort breaks; till more assur'd  
With joy redoubled the low vallies ring. 135  
What artful labyrinths perplex their way!  
Ah! there she lies; how close! she pants, she doubts  
If now she lives; she trembles as she sits,  
With horror seiz'd. The wither'd grass that clings  
Around her head, of the same russet hue 140  
Almost deceiv'd my sight, had not her eyes  
With life full beaming her vain wiles betray'd.  
At distance draw thy pack, let all be hush'd,  
No clamour loud, no frantick joy be heard,  
Left the wild hound run gadding o'er the plain 145  
Untractable, nor hear thy chiding voice.  
Now gently put her off; see how direct  
To her known muse she flies! here, huntsman, bring  
(But without hurry) all thy jolly hounds,  
And calmly lay them in. How low they stoop, 150  
And seem to plough the ground! then all at once  
With greedy nostrils snuff the fuming steam  
That glads their flutt'ring hearts. As winds let loose  
From the dark caverns of the blust'ring god,  
They burst away, and sweep the dewy lawn. 155  
Hope gives them wings, while she's spur'd on by fear.  
The welkin rings, men, dogs, hills, rocks, and woods  
In the full consort join. Now, my brave youths,  
Stripp'd for the Chace, give all your souls to joy!  
See how their courfers, than the mountain roe 160  
More fleet, the verdant carpet skim, thick clouds  
Snorting they breathe, their shining hoofs scarce print  
The grass unbruised; with emulation fir'd  
They strain to lead the field, top the barr'd gate,  
O'er the deep ditch exulting bound, and brush 165  
The thorny twining hedge: the riders bend

O'er their arch'd necks ; with steady hands by turns  
 Indulge their speed, or moderate their rage.  
 Where are their sorrows, disappointments, wrongs,  
 Vexations, sickness, cares ? All, all are gone,  
 And with the panting winds lag far behind.

Huntsman ! her gate observe, if in wide rings  
 She wheel her mazy way ; in the same round  
 Persisting still, she'll foil the beaten track.  
 But if she fly, and with the fav'ring wind 175  
 Urge her bold course ; less intricate thy task :  
 Push on thy pack. Like some poor exil'd wretch]  
 The frighted chace leaves her late dear abodes,  
 O'er plains remote she stretches far away,  
 Ah ! never to return ! for greedy death 180  
 Hov'ring exults, secure to seize his prey.

Hark ! from yon covert, where those tow'ring oaks  
 Above the humble copse aspiring rise,  
 What glorious triumphs burst in ev'ry gale  
 Upon our ravish'd ears ! the hunters shout, 185  
 The clanging horns swell their sweet winding notes,  
 The pack wide op'ning load the trembling air  
 With various melody ; from tree to tree  
 The propagated cry redoubling bounds,  
 And winged zephyrs waft the floating joy 190  
 Thro' all the regions near : afflictive birch  
 No more the school-boy dreads, his prison broke,  
 Scamp'ring he flies, nor heeds his master's call ;  
 The weary traveller forgets his road, 194  
 And climbs th' adjacent hill ; the ploughman leaves  
 Th' unfinish'd furrow ; nor his bleating flocks  
 Are now the shepherd's joy ; men, boys, and girls  
 Desert the unpeopled village ; and wild crowds  
 Spread o'er the plain by the sweet frenzy seiz'd. 199  
 Look, how she pants ! and o'er yon op'ning glade

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Slips glancing by ; while, at the further end, 201  
The puzzling pack unravel wile by wile  
Maze within maze. The covert's utmost bound  
Slily she skirts ; behind them cautious creeps,  
And in that very track, so lately stain'd 205  
By all the steaming crowd, seems to pursue  
The foe she flies. Let cavillers deny  
That brutes have reason ; sure 'tis something more,  
'Tis Heav'n directs, and stratagem inspires,  
Beyond the short extent of human thought. 210  
But hold—I see her from the covert break ;  
Sad on yon little eminence she sits ;  
Intent she listens with one ear erect,  
Pond'ring, and doubtful what new course to take,  
And how t'escape the fierce blood-thirsty crew, 215  
That still urge on, and still in volleys loud,  
Insult her wogs, and mock her sore distress.  
As now in louder peals, the loaded winds  
Bring on the gath'ring storm, her fears prevail ;  
And o'er the plain, and o'er the mountain's ridge, 220  
Away she flies ; nor ships with wind and tide,  
And all their canvas wings skud half so fast.  
Once more, ye jovial train, your courage try,  
And each clean courser's speed. We scour along,  
In pleasing hurry and confusion tost ; 225  
Oblivion to be wish'd. The patient pack  
Hang on the scent unwear'd, up they climb,  
And ardent we pursue ; our lab'ring steeds  
We press, we gore ; till once the summit gain'd,  
Painfully panting, there we breathe a while ; 230  
Then like a foaming torrent, pouring down  
Precipitant, we smoke along the vale.  
Happy the man, who with unrival'd speed  
Can pass his fellows, and with pleasure view

The struggling pack; how in the rapid course 235  
 Alternate they preside, and jostling push  
 To guide the dubious scent; how giddy youth  
 Oft babbling errs, by wiser age reprov'd;  
 How niggard of his strength, the wise old hound  
 Hangs in the rear, 'till some important point 240  
 Rouse all his diligence, or till the chace  
 Sinking he finds; then to the head he springs  
 With thirst of glory fir'd, and wins the prize.  
 Huntsman, take heed; they stop in full career.  
 Yon crowding flocks, that at a distance gaze, 245  
 Have haply foil'd the turf, see! that old hound,  
 How busily he works, but dares not trust  
 His doubtful sense; draw yet a wider ring.  
 Hark! now again the Chorus fills. As bells  
 Sally'd a while at once their peal renew, 250  
 And high in air the tuneful thunder rolls.  
 See, how they toss, with animated rage  
 Recov'ring all they lost!—that eager haste  
 Some doubling wile foreshews.—Ah! yet once more  
 They're check'd,—hold back with speed—on either  
 hand  
 They flourish round—ev'n yet persist—'tis right, 256  
 Away they spring; the rustling stubbles bend  
 Beneath the driving storm. Now the poor chace  
 Begins to flag, to her last shifts reduc'd.  
 From brake to brake she flies, and visits all 260  
 Her well known haunts, where once she rang'd secure,  
 With love and plenty blest. See! there she goes,  
 She reels along, and by her gate betrays  
 Her inward weakness. See, how black she looks!  
 The sweat that clogs th' obstructed pores, scarce leaves  
 A languid scent. And now in open view 266  
 See, see, she flies! each eager hound exerts

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His utmost speed, and stretches ev'ry nerve.  
 How quick she turns ! their gaping jaws elude,  
 And yet a moment lives ; till round enclos'd 270  
 By all the greedy pack, with infant screams  
 She yields her breath, and there reluctant dies.  
 So when the furious Barchanals assail'd

Threician Orpheus, poor ill fated-band !  
 Loud was the cry, hills, woods, and Hebrus' banks,  
 Return'd their clam'rous rage ; distress'd he flies, 276  
 Shifting from place to place, but flies in vain ;  
 For eager they pursue, till panting, faint,  
 By noisy multitudes o'erpower'd, he sinks,  
 To the relentless crowd a bleeding prey. 280

The huntsman now, a deep incision made,  
 Shakes out with hands impure, and dashes down  
 Her reeking entrails, and yet quiv'ring heart.  
 These claim the pack, the bloody perquisite  
 For all their toils. Stretch'd on the ground she lies,  
 A mangled corse ; in her dim glaring eyes 286  
 Cold death exults, and stiffens ev'ry limb.

Aw'd by the threatening whip, the furious hounds  
 Around her bay ; or at their master's foot,  
 Each happy fav'rite courts his kind applause, 290  
 With humble adulation cowering low.

All now is joy. With cheeks full-blown they wind  
 Her solemn dirge, while the loud-op'ning pack  
 The concert swell, and hills and dales return  
 The sadly-pleasing sounds. Thus the poor hare, 295  
 A puny, dastard animal, but vers'd

In subtle wiles, diverts the youthful train.  
 But if thy proud, aspiring soul disdains  
 So mean a prey, delighted with the pomp,  
 Magnificence and grandeur of the chace ; 300  
 Hear what the muse from faithful records sings.

Why on the banks of Gemna, Indian stream,  
 Line within line, rise the pavilions proud,  
 Their silken streamers waving in the wind ?  
 Why neighs the warrior horse ? from tent to tent 305  
 Why press in crowds the buzzing multitude ?  
 Why shines the polish'd helm, and pointed lance,  
 This way and that far-beaming o'er the plain ?  
 Nor Visapour nor Golconda rebel ;  
 Nor the great Sophy, with his num'rous host 310  
 Lays waste the provinces ; nor glory fires  
 To rob, and to destroy, beneath the name  
 And specious guise of war. A nobler cause  
 Calls Aurengzebe to arms. No cities sack'd,  
 No mother's tears, no helpless orphan's cries, 315  
 No violated leagues, with sharp remorse  
 Shall sting the conscious victor : but mankind  
 Shall hail him good and just. For 'tis on beasts  
 He draws his vengeful sword ; on beasts of prey  
 Full fed with human gore. See, see, he comes ! 320  
 Imperial Dehli op'ning wide her gates,  
 Pours out her thronging legions, bright in arms,  
 And all the pomp of war. Before them sound  
 Clarions and trumpets, breathing martial airs,  
 And bold defiance. High upon his throne, 325  
 Born on the back of his proud elephant,  
 Sits the great chief of Tamur's glorious race :  
 Sublime he sits, amid the radiant blaze  
 Of gems and gold. Omrahs about him croud,  
 And rein th' Arabian steed, and watch his nod : 330  
 And potent Rajahs, who themselves preside  
 O'er realms of wide extent ; but here submit  
 Their homage pay, alternate kings and slaves.  
 Next these, with prying eunuchs girt around,  
 The fair Sultanas of his court ; a troop 335

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Of chosen beauties, but with care conceal'd  
From each intrusive eye; one look is death.  
Ah cruel Eastern law! (had kings a pow'r  
But equal to their wild tyrannick will)  
To rob us of the Sun's all-cheering ray, 340  
Were less severe. The vulgar close the march,  
Slaves and artificers; and Dehli mourns  
Her empty and depopulated streets.  
Now at the camp arriv'd, with stern review,  
Thro' groves of spears, from file to file, he darts 345  
His sharp experienc'd eye; their order marks,  
Each in his station rang'd, exact and firm,  
'Till in the boundless line his sight is lost.  
Not greater multitudes in arms appear'd,  
On these extended plains, when Ammon's son 350  
With mighty Porus in dread battle join'd,  
The vassal world the prize. Nor was that host  
More numerous of old, which the great \* king  
Pour'd out on Greece from all the unpeopled East;  
That bridg'd the Hellespont from shore to shore, 355  
And drank the rivers dry. Mean while in troops  
The busy hunter-train mark out the ground,  
A wide circumference; full many a league  
In compass round; woods, rivers, hills, and plains,  
Large provinces; enough to gratify 360  
Ambition's highest aim, could reason bound  
Man's erring will. Now sit in close Divan  
The mighty chiefs of this prodigious host.  
He from the throne high eminent presides,  
Gives out his mandates proud, laws of the chace, 365  
From ancient records drawn. With rev'rence low,  
And prostrate at his feet, the chiefs receive

\* Xerxes.

His irreversible decrees, from which  
 To vary, is to die. Then his brave bands  
 Each to his station leads; encamping round,  
 'Till the wide circle is compleatly form'd,  
 Where decent order reigns, what these command,  
 Those execute with speed; and punctual care;  
 In all the strictest discipline of war:  
 As if some watchful foe, with bold insult  
 Hung low'ring o'er their camp. The high resolve,  
 That flies on wings, thro' all th' encircling line,  
 Each motion steers, and animates the whole.  
 So by the Sun's attractive pow'r controll'd,  
 The planets in their spheres roll round his orb,  
 On all he shines, and rules the great machine.  
 E'er yet the morn dispels the fleeting mists,  
 The signal giv'n by the loud trumpet's voice,  
 Now high in air, th' imperial standard waves,  
 Emblazon'd rich with gold, and glitt'ring gems;  
 And like a sheet of fire, thro' the dun gloom  
 Streaming meteorous. The soldiers shouts,  
 And all the brazen instruments of war,  
 With mutual clamour, and united din,  
 Fill the large concave. While from camp to camp,  
 They catch the varied sounds, floating in air.  
 Round all the wide circumference, tygers fell  
 Shrink at the noise, deep in his gloomy den  
 The lion starts, and morsels yet unchew'd  
 Drop from his trembling jaws. Now all at once  
 Onward they march embattled, to the sound  
 Of martial harmony; fifes, cornets, drums,  
 That rouse the sleepy soul to arms, and bold  
 Heroick deeds. In parties here and there  
 Detach'd o'er hill and dale, the hunters range  
 Inquisitive; strong dogs that match in fight

The boldest brute, around their masters wait,  
A faithful guard. No haunt unsearch'd, they drive  
From ev'ry covert, and from ev'ry den,  
The lurking savages. Incessant shouts 405  
Re-echo thro' the woods, and kindling fire  
Gleam from the mountain-tops; the forest seems  
One mingling blaze: like flocks of sheep they fly  
Before the flaming brand: fierce lions, pards,  
Boars, tygers, bears, and wolves; a dreadful crew,  
Of grim blood-thirsty foes: growling along, 411  
They stalk indignant; but fierce vengeance still  
Hangs pealing on their rear, and pointed spears  
Present immediate death. Soon as the night  
Wrapt in her sable veil forbids the chace, 415  
They pitch their tents, in even ranks, around  
The circling camp. The guards are plac'd, and fires  
At proper distances ascending rise,  
And paint th' horizon with their ruddy light.  
So round some island's shore of large extent 420  
Amid the gloomy horrors of the night,  
The billows breaking on the pointed rocks  
Seem all one flame; and the bright circuit wide  
Appears a bulwark of surrounding fire.  
What dreadful howlings, and what hideous roar, 425  
Disturb those peaceful shades! where erst the bird  
That glads the night, had cheer'd the list'ning groves  
With sweet complainings. Thro' the silent gloom  
Oft they the guards assail; as oft repell'd  
They fly reluctant, with hot-boiling rage 430  
Stung to the quick, and mad with wild despair.  
Thus day by day, they still the chace renew;  
At night encamp; 'till now in straighter bounds  
The circle lessens, and the beasts perceive  
The wall that hems them in on ev'ry side, 435

And now their fury bursts, and knows no mean ;  
 From man they turn, and point their ill-judg'd rage  
 Against their fellow brutes. With teeth and claws  
 The civil war begins ; grappling they tear.  
 Lions on tygers prey, and bears on wolves : 440  
 Horrible discord ! 'till the crowd behind  
 Shouting pursue, and part the bloody fray.  
 At once their wrath subsides ; tame as the lamb  
 The lion hangs his head, the furious pard,  
 Cow'd and subdu'd, flies from the face of man, 445  
 Nor bears one glance of his commanding eye.  
 So abject is a tyrant in distress.

At last within the narrow plain confin'd,  
 A list'd field, mark'd out for bloody deeds,  
 An amphitheatre more glorious far 450  
 Than ancient Rome could boast, they crowd in heaps,  
 Dismay'd, and quite appall'd. In meet array  
 Sheath'd in refulgent arms, a noble band  
 Advance ; great lords of high imperial blood,  
 Early resolv'd to assert their royal race, 455  
 And prove by glorious deeds their valour's growth  
 Mature, e'er yet the callow down has spread  
 Its curling shade. On bold Arabian steeds  
 With decent pride they sit, that fearless hear  
 The lion's dreadful roar ; and down the rock 460  
 Swift shouting plunge, or o'er the mountain's ridge  
 Stretching along, the greedy tyger leave  
 Panting behind. On foot their faithful slaves  
 With javelins arm'd attend ; each watchful eye  
 Fix'd on his youthful care, for him alone 465  
 He fears, and to redeem his life, unmov'd  
 Wou'd lose his own. The mighty Aurengzebe,  
 From his high-elevated throne, beholds  
 His blooming race ; revolving in his mind

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What once he was, in his gay spring of life, 470  
When vigour strung his nerves. Parental joy  
Melts in his eyes; and flushes in his cheeks.  
Now the loud trumpet sounds a charge. The shouts  
Of eager hosts, thro' all the circling line, 440  
And the wild howlings of the beasts within 475  
Rend wide the welkin, flight of arrows, wing'd  
With death, and javelins lanc'd from ev'ry arm,  
Gall sore the brutal bands, with many a wound  
Gor'd thro' and thro'. Despair at last prevails, 445  
When fainting nature shrinks, and rouses all 480  
Their drooping courage. Swell'd with furious rage,  
Their eyes dart fire; and on the youthful band  
They rush implacable. They their broad shields  
Quick interpose; on each devoted head 450  
Their flaming falcions, as the bolts of Jove, 485  
Descend unerring. Prostrate on the ground  
The grinning monsters lye, and their foul gore  
Defiles the verdant plain. Nor idle stand 455  
The trusty slaves; with pointed spears they pierce  
Thro' their tough hides; or at their gaping mouths  
An easier passage find. The king of brutes 490  
In broken roarings breathes his last; the bear  
Grumbles in death; nor can his spotted skin,  
Tho' sleek it shine, with varied beauties gay,  
Save the proud pard from unrelenting fate. 495  
The battle bleeds, grim Slaughter strides along,  
Glutting her greedy jaws, grins o'er her prey.  
Men, horses, dogs, fierce beasts of ev'ry kind,  
A strange promiscuous carnage, drench'd in blood,  
And heaps on heaps amass'd. What yet remain 500  
Alive, with vain assault contend to break  
Th'impenetrable line. Others, whom fear  
Inspires with self-preserving wiles, beneath

The bodies of the slain for shelter creep.  
 Aghast they fly, or hide their heads dispers'd.  
 And now perchance (had Heav'n but pleas'd) the world  
 Of death had been compleat; and Aurengzebe  
 By one dread frown extinguisht half their race,  
 When lo! the bright Sultanas of his court  
 Appear, and to his ravish'd eyes display  
 Those charms, but rarely to the day reveal'd.

Lowly they bend, and humbly sue, to save  
 The vanquish'd host: What mortal can deny  
 When suppliant beauty begs? at his command  
 Op'ning to right and left, the well train'd troops  
 Leave a large void for their retreating foes.  
 Away they fly, on wings of fear upborn,  
 To seek on distant hills their late abodes.  
 Ye proud oppressors, whose vain hearts exult  
 In wantonness of pow'r, 'gainst the brute race,  
 Fierce robbers like your selves, a guiltless war  
 Wage uncontroll'd: here quench your thirst of blood;  
 But learn from Aurengzebe to spare mankind.

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## BOOK the Third.

## The Argument of the Third Book.

**O**F king Edgar and his imposing a tribute on wolves heads upon the king of Wales: from hence a transition to fox-hunting, which is described in all its parts. Censure of an over-numerous pack. Of the several engines to destroy foxes, and other wild beasts. The steel-trap described, and the manner of using it. Description of the pitfall for the lion; and another for the elephant. The ancient way of hunting the tyger with a mirror. The Arabian manner of hunting the wild boar. Description of the royal stag-chace at Windsor Forest. Concludes with an address to his Majesty, and an *Eulogy* upon mercy.



## BOOK the Third.

**I**N Albion's isle when glorious Edgar reign'd,  
 He wisely provident, from her white cliffs  
 Launch'd half her forests, and with num'rous fleets  
 Cover'd his wide domain : there proudly rode  
 Lord of the deep, the great prerogative  
 Of British monarchs. Each invader bold,  
 Dane and Norwegian, at a distance gaz'd,  
 And disappointed, gnash'd his teeth in vain.  
 He scour'd the seas, and to remotest shores  
 With swelling sails the trembling Corsair fled. 10  
 Rich commerce flourish'd ; and with busy oars  
 Dash'd the resounding surge. Nor less at land  
 His royal cares ; wise, potent, gracious prince !  
 His subjects from their cruel foes he sav'd,  
 And from rapacious savages their flocks. 15  
 Cambria's proud kings (tho' with reluctance) paid  
 Their tributary wolves ; head after head,  
 In full account, 'till the woods yield no more,  
 And all the rav'nous race extinct is lost.  
 In fertile pastures, more securely graz'd 20  
 The social troops ; and soon their large increase  
 With curling fleeces whiten'd all the plains.  
 But yet alas ! the wily fox remain'd,  
 A subtle, pilf'ring foe, proling around  
 In midnight shades, and wakeful to destroy. 25  
 In the full fold, the poor defenceless lamb,  
 Seiz'd by his guileful arts, with sweet warm blood  
 Supplies a rich repast. The mournful ewe,  
 Her dearest treasure lost, thro' the dun night  
 Wanders perplex'd, and darkling bleats in vain: 30

While in th' adjacent bush, poor Philomel,  
(Herself a parent once, till wanton churls  
Despoil'd her nest) joins in her loud laments,  
With sweeter notes, and more melodious woe.

For these nocturnal thieves, huntsman, prepare 35  
Thy sharpest vengeance: Oh! how glorious 'tis  
To right th' oppress'd, and bring the felon vile  
To just disgrace, e'er yet the morning peep,  
Or stars retire from the first blush of day,  
With thy far-echoing voice alarm thy pack, 40  
And rouse thy bold compeers. Then to the copse,  
Thick with entangling grass, or prickly furze  
With silence lead thy manly-colour'd hounds,  
In all their beauty's pride. See! how they range 45  
Dispers'd, how busily this way and that,  
They cross, examining with curious nose  
Each likely haunt. Hark! on the drag I hear  
Their doubtful notes, preluding to a cry  
More nobly full, and swell'd with ev'ry mouth. 50  
As straggling armies, at the trumpet's voice,  
Press to their standard, hither all repair,  
And hurry thro' the woods; with hasty step  
Rustling, and full of hope; now driv'n on heaps  
20 They push, they strive; while from his kennel sneaks  
The conscious villain. See! he skulks along, 55  
Sleek at the shepherd's cost, and plump with meals  
Purloin'd. So thrive the wicked here below.  
Tho' high his brush he bear, tho' tipt with white  
25 It gaily shine; yet e're the Sun declin'd  
Recall the shades of night, the pamper'd rogue 60  
Shall rue his fate revers'd; and at his heels  
Behold the just avenger, swift to seize  
His forfeit head, and thirsting for his blood. [hearts  
30 Heavens! what melodious strains! how beat our

Big with tumultuous joy, the loaded gales  
 Breathe harmony; and as the tempest drives  
 From wood to wood, thro' ev'ry dark recess  
 The forest thunders, and the mountains shake.  
 The chorus swells; less various, and less sweet  
 The trilling notes, when, in those very groves,  
 The feather'd choristers salute the Spring;  
 And ev'ry bush in consort joins; or when  
 The master's hand, in modulated air,  
 Bids the loud organ breathe, and all the pow'rs  
 Of musick in one instrument combine,  
 An universal minstrelsy. And now  
 In vain each earth he tries, the doors are barr'd  
 Impregnable, nor is the covert safe;  
 He pants for purer air. Hark! what loud shouts  
 Re-echo thro' the groves! he breaks away,  
 Shrill horns proclaim his flight. Each straggling hound  
 Strains o'er the lawn to reach the distant pack.  
 'Tis triumph all and joy. Now, my brave youths,  
 Now give a loose to the clean gen'rous steed;  
 Flourish the whip, nor spare the galling spur;  
 But in the madness of delight, forget  
 Your fears. Far o'er the rocky hills we range,  
 And dangerous our course; but in the brave  
 True courage never fails. In vain the stream  
 In foaming eddies whirls; in vain the ditch  
 Wide-gaping threatens death. The craggy steep  
 Where the poor dizzy shepherd crawls with care,  
 And clings to ev'ry twig, gives us no pain;  
 But down we sweep, as stoops the falcon bold  
 To pounce his prey. Then up th' opponent hill,  
 By the swift motion flung, we mount aloft.  
 So ships in winter-seas now sliding sink  
 Adown the steepy wave, then tofs'd on high

Ride on the billows, and defy the storm: [chace

What lengths we pass! where will the wand'ring  
Lead us bewilder'd! smooth as swallows skim 101

The new-shorn mead, and far more swift we fly.

See my brave pack; how to the head they press,

Justling in close array, then more diffuse 104

Obliquely wheel, while from their op'ning mouths

The vollied thunder breaks. So when the cranes

Their annual voyage steer, with wanton wing

Their figure oft they change, and their loud clang

From cloud to cloud rebounds. How far behind

The hunter-crew, wide-straggling o'er the plain! 110

The panting courser now with trembling nerves

Begins to reel; urg'd by the goading spur,

Makes many a faint effort: he snorts, he foams,

The big round drops run trickling down his sides,

With sweat and blood distain'd. Look back and view

The strange confusion of the vale below, 116

Where sour vexation reigns; see yon poor-jade,

In vain th' impatient rider frets and swears,

With galling spurs harrows his mangled sides;

He can no more: His stiff unpliant limbs 120

Rooted in earth, unmov'd, and fix'd he stands,

For ev'ry cruel curse returns a groan,

And sobs, and faints, and dies. Who without grief

Can view that pamper'd steed, his master's joy,

His minion, and his daily care, well cloath'd, 125

Well fed with ev'ry nicer cate; no cost,

No labour spar'd; who, when the flying chace

Broke from the copse, without a rival led

The num'rous train: now a sad spectacle

Of pride brought low, and humbled insolence, 130

Drove like a pannier'd ass, and scourg'd along.

While these with loosen'd reins, and dangling heels,

Hang on their reeling palfreys, that scarce bear  
 Their weights; another in the treach'rous hog  
 Lies sound'ring half ingulph'd. What biting thoughts  
 Torment th' abandon'd crew! old age laments 136  
 His vigour spent: the tall, plump, brawny youth  
 Curses his cumb'rous bulk; and envies now  
 The short Pygmean race, he whilom kenn'd  
 With proud insulting leer. A chosen few  
 Alone the sport enjoy, nor droop beneath  
 Their pleasing toils. Here, huntsman, from this height  
 Observe yon birds of prey; if I can judge  
 'Tis there the villain lurks; they hover round  
 And claim him as their own. Was I not right;  
 See! there he creeps along; his brush he drags,  
 And sweeps the mire impure; from his wide jaws  
 His tongue unmoisten'd hangs; symptoms too sure  
 Of sudden death. Hah! yet he flies, nor yields  
 To black despair. But one loose more, and all 150  
 His wiles are vain. Hark! thro' yon village now  
 The rattling clamour rings. The barns, the cots  
 And leafless elms return the joyous sounds.  
 Thro' ev'ry homestall, and thro' ev'ry yard,  
 His midnight walks, panting, forlorn, he flies; 155  
 Thro' every hole he sneaks, thro' ev'ry jakes  
 Plunging he wades besmear'd and fondly hopes  
 In a superior stench to lose his own:  
 But faithful to the track, th' unnering hounds  
 With peals of echoing vengeance close pursue. 160  
 And now distress'd, no shelt'ring covert near  
 Into the hen-roost creeps, whose walls with gore  
 Distain'd attest his guilt. There, villain, there  
 Expect thy fate deserv'd. And soon from thence  
 The pack inquisitive, with clamour loud, 165  
 Drag out their trembling prize; and on his blood

With greedy transport feast: In bolder notes  
 Each sounding horn proclaims the Felloe dead:  
 And all the assembled village shouts for joy:  
 The farmer who beholds his mortal foe  
 Stretch'd at his feet, applauds the glorious deed,  
 And grateful calls us to a short repast:  
 In the full glass the liquid amber smiles,  
 Our native product: And his good old mate  
 With choicest viands heaps the liberal board,  
 To crown our triumphs, and reward our toils.

Here must the instructive muse (but with respect)  
 Censure that num'rous pack, that crowd of state,  
 With which the vain profusion of the great  
 Covers the lawn, and shakes the trembling copse:  
 Pompous incumbrance! A magnificence  
 Useless, vexatious! For the wily fox,  
 Safe in th' increasing number of his foes,  
 Kens well the great advantage: slinks behind  
 And slyly creeps through the same beaten track;  
 And hunts them step by step; then views escap'd  
 With inward extasy, the panting throng  
 In their own footsteps puzzled, foil'd, and lost.  
 So when proud Eastern kings, summon to arms  
 Their gaudy legions, from far distant climes  
 They flock in crowds, unpeopling half a world:  
 But when the day of battle calls them forth  
 To charge the well train'd foe, a band compact  
 Of chosen veterans: they press blindly on,  
 In heaps confus'd, by their own weapons fall,  
 A smoking carnage scatter'd o'er the plain.

Nor hounds alone this noxious brood destroy:  
 The plunder'd warrener full many a wile  
 Devises to entrap his greedy foe,  
 Fat with nocturnal spoils. At close of day,

With files and daggers stail; then from the ground  
 Pares thin the clift-graz'd turf; there with nice hand  
 Covers the silent death; with curious springs  
 Prepar'd to fly at once, when'er the tread  
 Of man or beast, unwarily shall press  
 The yielding surface. By the indented steel  
 With grip tenacious held, the Felon grins,  
 And struggles; but in vain: yet oft 'tis known,  
 When ev'ry art has fail'd, the captive fox  
 Has shar'd the wounded joint, and with a limb  
 Compounded for his life. But if perchance  
 In the deep pitfall plung'd, there's no escape;  
 But unrepriev'd he dies, and bleach'd in air  
 The jest of clowns, his reeking carcass hangs.

Of these are various kinds; not ev'n the king  
 Of brutes evades this deep devouring grave:  
 But by the wily African betray'd,  
 Heedless of fate, within its gaping jaws  
 Expires indignant. When the orient beam  
 With blushes paints the dawn; and all the race  
 Carnivorous, with blood full gorg'd, retire  
 Into their darksome cells, there satiate snore  
 O'er dripping offals, and the mangled limbs  
 Of men and beasts; the painful forrester  
 Climbs the high hills, whose proud aspiring tops,  
 With the tall cedar crown'd, and taper fir,  
 Assail the clouds. There 'mong the craggy rocks,  
 And thickets intricate, trembling he views  
 His footsteps in the sand; the dismal road  
 And avenue to death. Hither he calls  
 His watchful bands; and low into the ground  
 A pit they sink, full many a fathom deep.  
 Then in the midst a column high is rear'd,  
 The butt of some fair tree; upon whose top

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A lamb is plac'd, just reviv'd from his dam;  
And next a wall they build, with stones and earth  
Encircling round, and hiding from all view  
The dreadful precipice. Now when the shades  
Of night hang low'ring o'er the mountain's brow;  
And hunger keen, and pungent thirst of blood;  
Rouse up the slothful beasts, he shakes his sides,  
Slow-rising from his lair, and stretches wide  
His rav'nous paws, with recent gore distain'd.  
The forests tremble, as he roars aloud,  
Impatient to destroy. O'erjoy'd he hears  
The bleating innocent, that claims in vain  
The shepherd's care; and seeks with piteous moan  
The foodful teat; himself, alas! design'd  
Another's meal. For now the greedy brute  
Winds him from far; and leaping o'er the mound  
To seize his trembling prey, headlong is plung'd  
Into the deep abyss. Prostrate he lies  
Attunn'd and impotent. Ah! what avail  
Thine eye-balls flashing fire, thy length of tail,  
That lashes thy broad sides; thy jaws besmear'd  
With blood and offals crude, thy shaggy main  
The terror of the woods, thy stately port,  
And bulk enormous, since by stratagem  
Thy strength is foil'd? Unequal is the strife,  
When sov'reign reason combats brutal rage.  
On distant Ethiopia's sun-burnt coasts,  
The black inhabitants a pitfall frame,  
But of a diff'rent kind, and diff'rent use.  
With slender poles the wide capacious mouth,  
And hurdles slight, they close, o'er these is spread  
A floor of verdant turf, with all its flow'rs  
Smiling delusive, and from strictest search  
Concealing the deep grave, that yawns below.

Then boughs of trees they cut with chopping froe  
 Of various kinds furcharg'd with the downy peath  
 The clust'ring vine, and of bright golden rind  
 The fragrant orange. Soon as evening grey  
 Advances flow, besprinkling all around  
 With kind refreshing dews the thirsty glebe,  
 The stately elephant from the close shade  
 With step majestic strides, eager to taste  
 The cooler breeze, that from the sea beat shore  
 Delightful breathes; for in the limpid stream  
 To lave his panting sides; joyous he scents  
 The rich repast, unweeting of the death  
 That lurks within. And soon he sporting breaks  
 The brittle boughs, and greedily devours  
 The fruit delicious. Ah! too dearly bought,  
 The price is life. For now the treacherous surf  
 Trembling gives way; and the unwieldy beast  
 Self sinking, drops into the dark profound  
 So when dilated vapours, struggling heaven  
 Th' incumbent earth; if chance the cavern'd ground  
 Shrinking subside, and the thin surface yield,  
 Down sinks at once the pond'rous dome, ingulph'd  
 With all its towers. Subtle, delusive man  
 How various are thy wiles! artful to kill  
 Thy savage foes, a dull unthinking race  
 Fierce from his lair, springs forth the speckled pard,  
 Thirsting for blood, and eager to destroy;  
 The huntsman flies, but to his flight alone  
 Confides not: at convenient distance fix'd,  
 A polish'd mirror, stops in full career  
 The furious brute: he there his image views;  
 Spots against spots with rage improving glow;  
 Another pard his bristly whiskers curls,  
 Grins as he grins, fierce menacing, and wide

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Distends his opening paws : himself against  
Himself opposed, and with dread vengeance arm'd.  
The huntsman now secure, with fatal aim 305  
Directs the pointed spear, by which transfix'd  
He dies, and with him dies the rival shade.  
Thus man innum'rous engines forms; t'assail  
The savage kind : but most the docile horse,  
Swift and confederate with many annos 310  
His brethren of the plains ; without whose aid  
The hunters arts are vain, unskill'd to wage  
With the more active brutes an equal war.  
But born by him, without the well train'd pack,  
Man dares his foe, on wings of wind secure. 315  
O him the fierce Arab mounts, and with his troop  
Of bold companions, ranges the deserts wild.  
Where by the magnet's aid, the traveller  
Steers his untrodden course ; yet oft on land  
Is wreck'd, in the high-rolling waves of sand 320  
Immerst and lost. While these intrepid bands,  
Safe in their horses speed, out-fly the storm,  
And scouring round, make men and beasts their prey.  
The grizzly boar is singled from his herd  
As large as that in Erimantian woods, 325  
A match for Hercules. Round him they fly  
In circles wide ; and each in passing sends  
His feather'd death into his brawny sides.  
But perilous th' attempt. For if the steed  
Haply too near approach ; or the loose earth 330  
His footing fail ; the watchful angry beast  
Th' advantage spies ; and at one sidelong glance  
Rips up his groin. Wounded, he rears aloft,  
And plunging, from his back the rider hurls  
Precipitant ; then bleeding spurns the ground, 335  
And drags his reeking entrails o'er the plain.

Mean while the surly monster trots along,  
But with unequal speed; for still they wound,  
Swift wheeling in the spacious ring. A wood  
Of darts upon his back he bears; adown  
His tortur'd sides, the crimson torrents roll  
From many a gaping font: And now at last  
Stagg'ring he falls, in blood and foam expires.

But whither roves my devious muse, intent  
On antique tales? While yet the royal stag  
Unsung remains. Tread with respectful awe  
Windfor's green glades; where Denham, tuneful bard,  
Charm'd once the list'ning Dryads, with his song  
Sublimely sweet. O I grant me, sacred shade,  
To glean submits what thy full sickle leaves.

The morning sun, that gilda with trembling rays  
Windfor's high tow'rs, beholds the courtly train  
Mount for the chace, nor views in all his course  
A scene so gay: heroick, noble youths,  
In arts, and arms renown'd, and lovely nymphs  
The fairest of this isle, where beauty dwells  
Delighted, and deserts her Paphian grove  
For our more favour'd shades: in proud parade  
These shine magnificent, and press around  
The royal happy pair. Great in themselves,  
They smile superior; of external show  
Regardless, while their inbred virtues give  
A lustre to their pow'r, and grace their court  
With real splendours, far above the pomp  
Of Eastern kings, in all their tinsel pride.  
Like troops of Amazons, the female band  
Prance round their cars, not in refulgent arms  
As those of old; unskill'd to wield the sword,  
Or bend the bow, these kill with surer aim.  
The royal offspring, fairest of the fair,

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Lead on the splendid train. Anna more bright  
Than summer suns, or as the light'ning keen,  
With irresistible effulgence arm'd,  
Fires ev'ry heart. He must be more than man,  
Who unconcern'd can bear the piercing ray. 375  
Amelia, milder than the blushing dawn,  
With sweet engaging air, but equal pow'r,  
Insensibly subdues, and in soft chains  
Her willing captives leads. Illustrious maids  
Ever triumphant ! whose victorious charms, 380  
Without the needless aid of high descent,  
Had aw'd mankind, and taught the world's great lords  
To bow and sue for grace. But who is he,  
Fresh as a rose bud newly blown, and fair  
As op'ning lillies ; on whom ev'ry eye 385  
With joy, and admiration dwells ? see, see,  
He reins his docile barb with manly grace.  
Is it Adonis for the chace array'd ?  
Or Britain's second hope ? hail, blooming youth !  
May all your virtues with your years improve, 390  
'Till in consummate worth, you shine the pride  
Of these our days, and to succeeding times  
A bright example. As his guard of mutes  
On the great Sultan wait, with eyes deject  
And fix'd on earth, no voice, no sound is heard 395  
Within the wide serail, but all is hush'd,  
And awful silence reigns ; thus stand the pack  
Mute and unmov'd, and cowering low to earth,  
While pass the glitt'ring court, and royal pair : 400  
So disciplin'd those hounds, and so reserv'd,  
Whose honour 'tis to glad the hearts of kings.  
But soon the winding horn, and huntsman's voice,  
Let loose the gen'ral chorus ; far around  
Joy spreads its wings, and the gay morning smiles.

Unharbour'd now the royal stag forsakes  
 His wonted lair; he shakes his dappled sides,  
 And tosses high his beamy head, the copse  
 Beneath his antlers bends. What doubling shifts  
 He tries! not more the wily hare; in these  
 Wou'd still persist, did not the full-mouth'd pack  
 With dreadful consort thunder in his rear.  
 The woods reply, the hunter's chearing shouts  
 Float thro' the glades, and the wide forest rings.  
 How merrily they chant! their nostrils deep  
 Inhale the grateful steam. Such is the cry,  
 And such th' harmonious din, the soldier deems  
 The battle kindling, and the statesman grave  
 Forgets his weighty cares; each age, each sex  
 In the wild transport joins; luxuriant joy,  
 And pleasure in excess, sparkling exult  
 On ev'ry brow, and revel unrestrain'd.  
 How happy art thou, man, when thou'rt no more  
 Thy self! when all the pangs that grind thy soul,  
 In rapture and in sweet oblivion lost,  
 Yield a short interval, and ease from pain!  
 See the swift courser strains, his shining hoofs  
 Securely beat the solid ground. Who now  
 The dang'rous pitfall fears, with tangling heath  
 High-over grown? Or who the quiv'ring bog  
 Soft-yielding to the step? All now is plain,  
 Plain as the strand sea-lav'd, that stretches far  
 Beneath the rocky shore. Glades crossing glades  
 The forest opens to our wond'ring view:  
 Such was the king's command. Let tyrants fierce  
 Lay waste the world; his the more glorious part  
 To check their pride; and when the brazen voice  
 Of war is hush'd, (as erst victorious Rome)  
 T' employ his station'd legions in the works

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Of peace; to smooth the rugged wilderness;  
To drain the stagnant fen, to raise the stop  
Depositing road, and to make gay the face  
Of nature, with th' embellishments of art.

How melts my beating heart! as I behold  
Each lovely nymph, our island's boast and pride,  
Push on the gen'rous steed, that strokes along  
O'er rough, o'er smooth, nor heeds the steepy hill,  
Nor falters in th' extended vale below;  
Their garments loosely waving in the wind,  
And all the flush of beauty in their cheeks!  
While at their sides their pensive lovers wait,  
Direct their dubious course; now chill'd with fear  
Solicitous, and now with love inflam'd.

O! grant, indulgent Heav'n, no rising storm  
May darken with black wings this glorious scene!  
Shou'd some malignant pow'r thus damp our joys,  
Vain were the gloomy cave, such as of old  
Betray'd to lawless love the Tyrian Queen.  
For Britain's virtuous nymphs are chaste as fair,  
Spotless, unblam'd, with equal triumph reign  
In the dun gloom, as in the blaze of day.

Now the blown stag, thro' woods, bogs, roads and  
Has measur'd half the forest; but alas! [streams  
He flies in vain, he flies not from his fears.  
Tho' far he cast the ling'ring pack behind,  
His haggard fancy still with horrors views  
The fell destroyer; still the fatal cry  
Insults his ears, and wounds his trembling heart.  
So the poor fury haunted wretch (his hands  
In guiltless blood distain'd) still seems to hear  
The dying shrieks; and the peal threat'ning ghost  
Moves as he moves, and as he flies, pursues.  
See here his lot; up yon green hill he climbs,

Pants on its brow a while, sadly looks back : 474  
 On his pursuers, cov'ring all the plain ;  
 But, wrung with anguish, bears not long the fight,  
 Shoots down the steep, and sweats along the vale :  
 There mingles with the herd, where once he reign'd  
 Proud monarch of the groves, whose clashing beam  
 His rivals aw'd, and whose exalted pow'r  
 Was still rewarded with successful love. 480  
 But the base herd have learn'd the ways of men,  
 Averse they fly, or with rebellious aim  
 Chace him from thence : needles their impious deed,  
 The huntsman knows him by a thousand marks,  
 Black, and imboist ; nor are his hounds deceiv'd ; 485  
 Too well distinguish these, and never leave  
 Their once devoted foe ; familiar grows  
 His scent, and strong their appetite to kill.  
 Again he flies, and with redoubled speed  
 Skims o'er the lawn ; still the tenacious crew, 490  
 Hang on the track, aloud demand their prey,  
 And push him many a league. If haply then  
 Too far escap'd, and the gay courtly train  
 Behind are cast, the huntsman's clanging whip  
 Stops full their bold career ; passive they stand, 495  
 Unmov'd, an humble, an obsequious crowd,  
 As if by stern Medusa gaz'd to stones.  
 So at their gen'ral's voice whole armies halt  
 In full pursuit, and check their thirst of blood.  
 Soon at the king's command, like hasty streams 500  
 Damm'd up a while, they foam, and pour along  
 With fresh recruited might. The stag, who hop'd  
 His foes were lost, now once more hears astunn'd  
 The dreadful din ; he shivers ev'ry limb,  
 He starts, he bounds ; each bush presents a foe. 505  
 Press'd by the fresh relay, no pause allow'd,

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Breathless, and faint, he falters in his pace,  
 And lifts his weary limbs with pain, that scarce  
 Sustain their load; he pants, he sobs appall'd;  
 Drops down his heavy head to earth, beneath  
 His cumb'rous beams oppress'd. But if perchance  
 Some prying eye surprize him; soon he rears  
 Erect his tow'ring front, bounds o'er the lawn  
 With ill dissembled vigour, to amuse  
 The knowing forester; who only smiles  
 At his weak shifts, and unavailing frauds.  
 So midnight tapers waste their last remains,  
 Shine forth a while, and as they blaze expire.  
 From wood to wood redoubling thunders roll,  
 And bellow thro' the vales; the moving storm  
 Thickens again, and loud triumphant shouts,  
 And horns shrill-warbling in each glade, prelude  
 To his approaching fate. And now in view  
 With hobbling gait, and high, exerts amaz'd  
 What strength is left: to the last dregs of life  
 Reduc'd, his spirits fail, on ev'ry side  
 Hemm'd in, besieg'd; not the least op'ning left  
 To gleaming hope, th' unhappy's last reserve.  
 Where shall he turn? or whither fly? despair  
 Gives courage to the weak. Resolv'd to die,  
 He fears no more; but rushes on his foes,  
 And deals his deaths around; beneath his feet  
 These grovelling lye, those by his antlers gor'd  
 Defile the ensanguin'd plain. Ah! see distress'd  
 He stands at bay against yon knotty trunk,  
 That covers well his rear, his front presents  
 An host of foes. O! shun, ye noble train,  
 The rude encounter, and believe your lives  
 Your country's due alone. As now aloof  
 They wing around, he finds his soul uprais'd,

To dare some great exploit; he charges home  
 Upon the broken pack; that on each side  
 Fly diverse; then as o'er the turf he strains,  
 He vents the cooling stream; and up the breeze  
 Urges his course with eager violence:  
 Then takes the foil, and plunges in the flood  
 Precipitant; down the midstream he wasts  
 Along, 'till (like a ship distress'd, that runs  
 Into some winding creek) close to the verge  
 Of a small island, for his weary feet  
 Sure anchorage he finds; there skulks immersed  
 His nose alone above the wave; draws in  
 The vital air; all else beneath the flood  
 Conceal'd, and lost, deceives each prying eye  
 Of man or brute. In vain the crowding pack  
 Draw on the margin of the stream, or cut  
 The liquid way with oary feet, that move  
 In equal time. The gliding waters leave  
 No trace behind, and his contracted pores  
 But sparingly perspire: the huntsman strains  
 His lab'ring lungs, and puffs his cheeks in vain:  
 At length a blood-hound bold, studious to kill,  
 And exquisite of sense, winds him from far;  
 Headlong he leaps into the flood, his mouth  
 Loud op'ning spends amain, and his wide throat  
 Swells ev'ry note with joy; then fearless dives  
 Beneath the wave, hangs on his hanch, and wounds  
 Th' unhappy brute, that flounders in the stream,  
 Sorely distress'd, and struggling strives to mount  
 The steepy shore. Haply once more escap'd;  
 Again he stands at bay, amid the groves  
 Of willows, bending low their downy heads.  
 Outragious transport fires the greedy pack;  
 These swim the deep, and those crawl up with pain

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The slipp'ry bank, while others on firm land  
Engage ; the stag repells each bold assault,  
Mantains his post, and wounds for wounds returns.

575

As when some wily Corsair boards a ship  
Full-freighted, or from Afric's golden coasts,  
Or India's wealthy strand, his bloody crew  
Upon her deck he flings ; these in the deep

580

Drop short, and swim to reach her steepy sides,  
And clinging climb aloft, while those on board  
Urge on the work of fate ; the master bold,  
Press'd to his last retreat, bravely resolves

585

To sink his wealth beneath the whelming wave,  
His wealth, his foes, nor unreveng'd to dye.  
So fares it with the stag : so he resolves

To plunge at once into the flood below,  
Himself, his foes in one deep gulph immers'd  
E'er yet he executes this dire intent,

590

In wild disorder once more views the light ;  
Beneath a weight of woe, he groans distress'd :

The tears run trickling down his hairy cheeks ;  
He weeps, nor weeps in vain : The King beholds

595

His wretched plight, and tenderness innate  
Moves his great soul. Soon at his high command  
Rebuk'd, the disappointed, hungry pack

Retire submiss, and grumbling quit their prey. [hope ;

Great Prince ! from thee, what may thy subjects  
So kind, and so beneficent to brutes ?

601

O mercy, heav'nly born ! sweet attribute !

Thou great, thou best prerogative of pow'r !

Justice may guard the throne, but join'd with thee,  
On rocks of adamant it stands secure,

605

And braves the storm beneath ; soon as thy smiles

Gild the rough deep, the foaming waves subside,

And all the noisy tumult sinks in peace.

### The Argument of the Fourth Book.

**O**F the necessity of destroying some beasts, and preserving others for the use of man. Of breeding of hounds; the season for this business. The choice of the dog, of great moment. Of the litter of whelps. Of the number to be rear'd. Of setting them out to their several walks. Care to be taken to prevent their hunting too soon. Of ent'ring the whelps. Of breaking them from running at sheep. Of the diseases of hounds. Of their age. Of madness; two sorts of it described, the dumb, and outrageous madness: its dreadful effects. Burning of the wound recommended as preventing all ill consequences. The infectious hounds to be separated, and fed apart. The vanity of trusting to the many infallible cures for this malady. The dismal effects of the biting of a mad dog, upon man described. Description of the otter hunting. The conclusion.

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## BOOK the Fourth.

**W**Hate'er of earth is form'd, to earth returns  
 Dissolv'd: the various objects we behold,  
 Plants, animals, this whole material mass,  
 Are ever changing, ever new. The soul  
 Of man alone, that particle divine,  
 Escapes the wreck of worlds, when all things fail.  
 Hence great the distance 'twixt the beasts that perish,  
 And God's bright image, man's immortal race.  
 The brute creation are his property,  
 Subservient to his will, and for him made. 10  
 As hurtful these he kills, as useful those  
 Preserves; their sole and arbitrary king.  
 Shou'd he not kill, as erst the Samian sage  
 Taught unadvis'd, and Indian Brachmans now  
 As vainly preach; the teeming rav'nous brutes 15  
 Might fill the scanty space of this terrene,  
 Incumb'ring all the globe: shou'd not his care  
 Improve his growing stock, their kinds might fail,  
 Man might once more on roots, and acorns feed,  
 And thro' the deserts range, shiv'ring, forlorn, 20  
 Quite destitute of ev'ry solace dear,  
 And ev'ry smiling gaiety of life.

The prudent huntsman therefore will supply  
 With annual large recruits, his broken pack,  
 And propagate their kind. As from the root 25  
 Fresh scions shall spring forth, and daily yield  
 New blooming honours to the parent-tree.  
 Far shall his pack be fam'd, far sought his breed,  
 And princes at their tables feast those hounds  
 His hand presents, an acceptable boon 30

E'er yet the Sun thro' the bright Ram has urg'd  
 His steepy course, or mother earth unbound  
 Her frozen bosom to the Western gale;  
 When feather'd troops, their social leagues dissolv'd,  
 Select their mates, and on the leafless elm,  
 The noisy rook builds high her wicker nest;  
 Mark well the wanton females of the pack,  
 That curl their taper tails, and frisking court  
 Their pyebald mates enamour'd; their red eyes  
 Flash fires impure; nor rest, nor food they take,  
 Goaded by furious love, in separate cells  
 Confine them now, lest bloody civil wars  
 Annoy thy peaceful state. If left at large,  
 The growling rivals in dread battle join,  
 And rude encounter. On Scamander's streams  
 Heroes of old with far less fury fought,  
 For the bright Spartan dame, their valour's prize:  
 Mangled and torn thy fav'rite hounds shall lie,  
 Stretch'd on the ground; thy kennel shall appear  
 A field of blood: like some unhappy town  
 In civil broils confus'd, while discord shakes  
 Her bloody scourge aloft, fierce parties rage,  
 Staining their impious hands in mutual death.  
 And still thy best lov'd, and bravest fall:  
 Such are the dire effects of lawless love.

Huntsman! these ills by timely prudent care  
 Prevent: for ev'ry longing dame select  
 Some happy paramour; to him alone  
 In leagues connubial join. Consider well  
 His lineage; what his fathers did of old,  
 Chiefs of the pack, and first to climb the rock,  
 Or plunge into the deep, or thread the brake,  
 With thorns sharp-pointed, plash'd, and briars inwo:  
 Observe with care his shape, sort, colour, size. [even,

Nor will sagacious huntsmen less regard  
 His inward habits; the vain babbler thin,  
 Ever loquacious, ever in the wrong;  
 His foolish offspring shall offend thy ears  
 With false alarms, and loud impertinence.  
 Nor less the shifting cut avoid, that breaks  
 Illusive from the pack; to the next hedge  
 Devious he strays, there ev'ry muse he tries,  
 If haply then he cross the streaming scent,  
 Away he flies vain-glorious; and exults  
 As of the pack supreme, and in his speed  
 And strength unrival'd. Loll cast far behind  
 His vex'd associates pant, and lab'ring strain  
 To climb the steep ascent. Soon as they reach  
 The insulting boaster, his false courage fails,  
 Behind he lags, doom'd to the fatal noose,  
 His master's hate, and scorn of all the field,  
 What can from such be hop'd, but a base brood  
 Of coward curs, a frantick, vagrant race?  
 When now the third revolving moon appears,  
 With sharpen'd horns, above the horizon's brink;  
 Without Lucina's aid, expect thy hopes  
 Are amply crown'd; short pangs produce to light  
 The smoking litter, crawling, helpless, blind,  
 Nature their guide, they seek the pouting teat  
 That plenteous streams. Soon as the tender dam  
 Has form'd them with their tongue, with pleasure view  
 The marks of their renown'd progenitors,  
 Sure pledge of triumphs yet to come. All these  
 Select with joy; but to the mere'less flood  
 Expose the dwindling refuse, nor p'erload  
 Th' indulgent mother. If thy heart relent,  
 Unwilling to destroy, a nurse provide,  
 And to the foster parent give the care.

Of thy superfluous brood; she'll cherish kind  
The alien offspring; pleas'd thou shalt behold 100  
Her tenderness, and hospitable love.

If frolick now, and play-full they desert  
Their gloomy cell, and on the verdant turf  
With nerves improv'd, pursue the mimic chace,  
Coursing around; unto thy choicest friends 105  
Commit thy valued prize; the rustick dames  
Shall at thy kennel wait, and in their laps  
Receive thy growing hopes, with many a kiss  
Carefs, and dignity their little charge  
With some great title, and resounding name 110  
Of high import. But cautious here observe  
To check their youthful ardour, nor permit  
The unexperienc'd yonker, immature  
Alone to range the woods, or haunt the brakes  
Where dodging conies sport: his nerves unstrung,  
And strength unequal; the laborious chace 115  
Shall stint his growth, and his rash forward youth  
Contract such vicious habits, as thy care  
And late correction never shall reclaim.

When to full strength arriv'd, mature and bold,  
Conduct them to the field; not all at once, 120  
But as thy cooler prudence shall direct,  
Select a few, and form them by degrees  
To stricter discipline. With these consort  
The stanch, and steddty sages of thy pack, 125  
By long experience vers'd in all the wiles,  
And subtle doublings of the various chace:  
Easy the lesson of the youthful train,  
When instinct prompts, and when example guides.  
If the too forward yonker at the head 130  
Purs boldly on, in wanton sportive mood,  
Correct his haste, and let him feel abash'd

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The ruling whip. But if he stoop behind  
In wary modest guise, to his own nose  
Confiding sure; give him full scope to work 135  
His winding way, and with thy voice applaud  
His patience, and his care; soon shalt thou view  
The hopeful pupil leader of his tribe,  
And all the list'ning pack attend his call.

Of lead them forth where wanton lambkins play,  
And bleating dams with jealous eyes observe 141  
Their tender care. If at the crowding flock  
He bay presumptuous, or with eager haste  
Pursue them scatter'd o'er the verdant plain;  
In the full fact attach'd, to the strong ram 145  
Tye fast the rash offender! See! at first  
His horn'd companion, fearful, and amaz'd,  
Shall drag him trembling o'er the rugged ground:  
Then with his load fatigued, shall turn a head;  
And with his curl'd hard front incessant peak 150  
The panting wretch, 'till breathless and astunn'd,  
Stretch'd on the turf he lie. Then spare not thou  
The twining whip, but ply his bleeding sides  
Lash after lash, and with thy threat'ning voice  
Harsh echoing from the hills, inculcate loud 155  
His vile offence. Sooner shall trembling doves  
Escap'd the hawk's sharp talons, in mid air,  
Assail their dang'rous foe, than he once more  
Disturb the peaceful flocks. In tender age  
Thus youth is train'd; as curious artists bend 160  
The taper, pliant twig; or potters form  
Their soft and ductile clay to various shapes.

Nor is't enough to breed; but to preserve  
Must be the huntsman's care. The stanch old hounds,  
Guides of thy pack, tho' but in number few, 165  
Are yet of great account; shall oft untie

The Gordian knot, when reason at a stand  
Puzzling is lost, and all thy art is vain,  
O'er clogging fallows, o'er dry plaster'd roads,  
O'er flooded meads; o'er plains with flocks distain'd  
Rank-scenting, these must lead the dubious way;  
As party-chiefs in senates who preside,  
With pleaded reason, and with well turn'd speech,  
Conduct the staring multitude: so these  
Direct the pack, who with joint cry approve,  
And loudly boast discov'ries not their own.

Unnumber'd accidents, and various ills,  
Attend thy pack; hang how'ring o'er their heads,  
And point the way that leads to death's dark cave;  
Short is their span; few at the date arrive  
Of ancient Argus in old Homer's song,  
So highly honour'd: kind, sagacious brute!  
Not ev'n Minerva's wisdom could conceal  
Thy much lov'd master from thy nicer sense.  
Dying his lord he own'd, view'd him all o'er  
With eager eyes, then clos'd those eyes, well pleas'd:

Of lesser ills the muse declines to sing,  
Nor stoops so low; of these each groom can tell  
The proper remedy. But O! what care,  
What prudence can prevent madness, the worst  
Of maladies? terrifick pest! that blasts  
The huntsman's hopes, and desolation spreads  
Thro' all th' unpeopled kennel unrestrain'd:  
More fatal than the envenom'd viper's bite;  
Or that Apulian spider's pois'nous sting,  
Heal'd by the pleasing antidote of sounds.

When Sirius reigns, and the Sun's parching beams  
Bake the dry gaping surface, visit thou  
Each ev'n and morn, with quick observant eye,  
Thy panting pack. If, in dark fullen mood,

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The glouting hound refuse his wonted meal,  
Retiring to some close, obscure retreat,  
Gloomy, disconsolate : with speed remove  
The poor infectious wretch, and in strong chains  
Bind him suspected. Thus that dire disease  
Which art can't cure, wise caution may prevent.

But this neglected, soon expect a change,  
A dismal change, confusion, frenzy, death.  
Or in some dark recess, the senseless brute  
Sits sadly pining : deep melancholy,  
And black despair, upon his clouded brow  
Hang lowering ; from his half op'ning jaws  
The clammy venom, and infectious froth,  
Distilling fall ; and from his lungs inflam'd,  
Malignant vapours taint the ambient air,  
Breathing perdition : his dim eyes are glaz'd,  
He droops his pensive head, his trembling limbs  
No more support his weight ; abject he lies,  
Dumb, spiritless, benumb'd ; 'till death at last  
Gracious attends, and kindly brings relief.

Or if outrageous grown, behold alas !  
A yet more dreadful scene ; his glaring eyes  
Redden with fury, like some angry boar  
Churning he foams ; and on his back erect  
His pointed bristles rise ; his tail incurv'd  
He drops, and with harsh broken howlings rends  
The poison-tainted air, with rough hoarse voice  
Incessant bays ; and snuffs the infectious breeze ;  
This way and that he stares aghast, and starts  
At his own shade ; jealous, as if he deem'd  
The world his foes. If haply tow'rd the stream  
He cast his roving eye, cold horror chills  
His soul ; averse he flies, trembling, appall'd.  
Now frantick to the kennel's utmost verge

Raving he runs, and deals destruction round. 235  
 The pack fly diverse; for whate'er he meets  
 Vengeful he bites, and ev'ry bite is death.

If now perchance, thro' the weak fence escap'd,  
 Far up the wind he roves, with open mouth  
 Inhales the cooling breeze, nor man, nor beast 240  
 He spares implacable. The hunter-horse  
 Once kind associate of his sylvan toils,  
 (Who haply now without the kennel's mound  
 Crops the rank mead, and list'ning hears with joy  
 The chearing cry, that morn and eve salutes 245  
 His raptur'd sense) a wretched victim falls.  
 Unhappy quadrupede! no more, alas!  
 Shall thy fond master with his voice applaud  
 Thy gentleness, thy speed; or with his hand  
 Stroke thy soft dappled sides, as he each day 250  
 Visits thy stall, well pleas'd; no more shalt thou  
 With sprightly neighings, to the winding horn,  
 And the loud op'ning pack in consort join'd,  
 Glad his proud heart. For oh! the secret wound  
 Rankling inflames, he bites the ground and dies. 255

Hence to the village with pernicious haste  
 Baleful he bends his course: the village flies  
 Alarm'd; the tender mother, in her arms,  
 Hugs close the trembling babe; the doors are barr'd,  
 And flying curs by native instinct taught, 260  
 Shun the contagious bane; the rustick bands  
 Hurry to arms, the rude militia seize  
 Whate'er at hand they find; clubs, forks, or guns  
 From ev'ry quarter charge the furious foe,  
 In wild disorder, and uncouth array: 265  
 'Till now with wounds on wounds oppress'd and gor'd  
 At one short pois'nous gasp he breathes his last.

Hence to the kennel, muse, return, and view,

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With heavy heart that hospital of woe ;  
Where Horror stalks at large, insatiate Death 270  
Sits growling o'er his prey : each hour presents  
A diff'rent scene of ruin and distress.

How busy art thou, Fate ! and how severe  
Thy pointed wrath ! the dying and the dead  
Promiscuous lye ; o'er these the living fight 275  
In one eternal broil ; not conscious why,  
Nor yet with whom. So drunkards in their cups,  
Spare not their friends, while senseless squabble reigns.

Huntsman ! it much behoves thee to avoid  
The perilous debate ! Ah ! rouze up all 280  
Thy vigilance, and tread the treach'rous ground  
With careful step. Thy fires unquench'd preserve,  
As erst the vestal flame ; the pointed steel  
In the hot embers hide ; and if surpriz'd  
Thou feel'st the deadly bite, quick urge it home 285  
Into the recent sore, and cauterize  
The wound ; spare not thy flesh, nor dread the event:  
Vulcan shall save, when Aesculapius fails.

Here, shou'd the knowing muse recount the means  
To stop this growing plague. And here, alas ! 290  
Each hand presents a sov'reign cure, and boasts  
Infallibility, but boasts in vain.

On this depend, each to his sep'rate seat  
Confine, in fetters bound ; give each his mess  
Apart, his range in open air ; and then 295  
If deadly symptoms to thy grief appear ;  
Devote the wretch, and let him greatly fall  
A gen'rous victim for the publick weal.

Sing, philosophick muse, the dire effects  
Of this contagious bite on hapless man. 300  
The rustick swains, by long tradition taught  
Of leeches old, as soon as they perceive

The bite impress'd, to the sea-coasts repair.  
 Plung'd in the briny flood, th' unhappy youth  
 Now journeys home secure ; but soon shall wish 308  
 The seas as yet had cover'd him beneath  
 The foaming surge, full many a fathom deep.  
 A fate more dismal, and superior ills  
 Hang o'er his head devoted. When the moon  
 Closing her monthly round, returns again 310  
 To glad the night ; or when full-orb'd she shines  
 High in the vault of Heav'n ; the lurking pest  
 Begins the dire assault. The pois'nous foam  
 Thro' the deep wound instill'd with hostile rage,  
 And all its fiery particles saline, 315  
 Invades th' arterial fluid ; whose red waves  
 Tempestuous heave, and their cohesion broke,  
 Fermenting boil ; intestine war ensues,  
 And order to confusion turns embroil'd.  
 Now the distended vessels scarce contain 320  
 The wild uproar, but press each weaker part,  
 Unable to resist : the tender brain,  
 And stomach suffer most ; convulsions shake  
 His trembling nerves, and wand'ring pungent pains  
 Pinch sore the sleepless wretch ; his flutt'ring pulse  
 Oft intermits ; pensive, and sad, he mourns 326  
 His cruel fate, and to his weeping friends  
 Laments in vain ; to hasty anger prone,  
 Resents each slight offence, walks with quick step,  
 And wildly stares ; at last with boundless sway 330  
 The tyrant frenzy reigns. For as the dog,  
 (Whose fatal bite convey'd the infectious bane)  
 Raving he foams, and howls, and barks, and bites.  
 Like agitations in his boiling blood  
 Present like species to his troubled mind ; 335  
 His nature, and his actions all canine.

So as (old Homer sung) th' associates wild  
Of wand'ring Ithacus, by Circe's charms  
To swine transform'd, ran grunting thro' the groves.  
Dreadful example to a wicked world ! 340

See there distress'd he lies ! parch'd up with thirst,  
But dares not drink. 'Till now at last his soul  
Trembling escapes, her noisome dungeon leaves,  
And to some purer region wings away.

One labour yet remains, celestial maid ! 345  
Another element demands thy song.

No more o'er craggy steeps, thro' covert thick  
With pointed thorn, and briers intricate,  
Urge on with horn and voice the painful pack ;  
But skim with wanton wing th' irriguous vale, 350

Where winding streams amid the flow'ry meads  
Perpetual glide along ; and undermine

The cavern'd banks, by the tenacious roots  
Of hoary willows arch'd, gloomy retreat  
Of the bright scaly kind ; where they at will, 355

On the green wat'ry reed their pasture graze,  
Suck the moist soil, or slumber at their ease,  
Rock'd by the restless brook, that draws aslope  
Its humid train, and laves their dark abodes.

Where rages not oppression ? where, alas ! 360  
Is innocence secure ? rapine and spoil

Haunt ev'n the lowest deeps ; seas have their sharks,  
Rivers and ponds inclos'd, the rav'nous pike ;  
He in his turn becomes a prey ; on him

Th' amphibious otter feasts. Just is his fate 365  
Deserv'd ; but tyrants know no bounds ; nor spears

That bristle on his back, defend the perch  
From his wide greedy jaws ; nor burnish'd mail

The yellow carp ; nor all his arts can save  
Th' insinuating eel, that hides his head 370

Beneath the slimy mud ; not yet escapes  
 The crimson spotted trout, the river's pride,  
 And beauty of the stream. Without remorse,  
 This midnight pillager ranging around,  
 Infatiate swallows all. The owner mourns 375  
 Th' unpeopled rivulet, and gladly hears  
 The huntsman's early call, and sees with joy  
 The jovial crew, that march upon its banks  
 In gay parade, with bearded lances arm'd.

This subtle spoiler of the beaver kind, 380  
 Far off perhaps, where ancient alders shade  
 The deep still pool; within some hollow trunk  
 Contrives his wicker couch : whence he surveys  
 His long purlien, lord of the stream, and all  
 The finny shoals his own. But you, brave youths,  
 Dispute the Felon's claim ; try ev'ry root, 386  
 And ev'ry reedy bank ; encourage all  
 The busy spreading pack, that fearless plunge  
 Into the flood, and cross the rapid stream.  
 Bid rocks, and caves, and each resounding shore, 390  
 Proclaim your bold defiance; loudly raise  
 Each chearing voice, 'till distant hills repeat  
 The triumphs of the vale. On the soft sand  
 See there his seal impress'd ! and on that bank  
 Behold the glitt'ring spoils, half-eaten fish, 395  
 Scales, fines, and bones, the leavings of his feast.  
 Ah ! on that yielding sedge-bed, see, once more  
 His seal I view. O'er yon dank rushy marsh  
 The sly goose-footed proler bends his course,  
 And seeks the distant shallows. Huntsman, bring 400  
 Thy eager pack ; and trail him to his couch.  
 Hark ! the loud peal begins, the clam'rous joy,  
 The gallant chiding, loads the trembling air.  
 Ye Naiads fair, who o'er these floods preside,

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Raise up your dripping heads above the wave, 405  
And hear our melody: Th' harmonious notes  
Float with the stream; and ev'ry winding creek  
And hollow rock, that o'er the dimpling flood  
Nods pendant; still improve from shore to shore  
Our sweet reiterated joys. What shouts! 410  
What clamour loud! what gay heart-cheering sounds  
Urge thro' the breathing brass their mazy way!  
Not quires of Tritons: glad with sprightlier strains  
The dancing billows; when proud Neptune rides  
In triumph o'er the deep. How greedily 415  
They snuff the fishy steam, that to each blade  
Rank scenting clings! See! how the morning dews  
They sweep, that from their feet besprinkling drop  
Dispers'd, and leave a track oblique behind.  
Now on firm land they range; then in the flood 420  
They plunge tumultuous; or thro' reedy pools  
Rustling they work their way: no hole escapes  
Their curious search. With quick sensation now  
The fuming vapour stings; flutter their hearts,  
And joy redoubled bursts from ev'ry mouth, 425  
In louder symphonies. Yon hollow trunk,  
That with its hoary head incurv'd, salutes  
The passing wave, must be the tyrant's fort,  
And dread abode. How these impatient climb,  
While others at the root incessant bay: 430  
They put him down. See, there he dives along!  
Th' ascending bubbles mark his gloomy way.  
Quick fix the nets, and cut off his retreat  
Into the shelt'ring deeps. Ah, there he vents!  
The pack plunge headlong, and protended spears  
Menace destruction. While the troubled surge 436  
Indignant foams, and all the scaly kind,  
Affrighted, hide their heads. Wild Tumult reigns,

And loud Upstart. Ah, there once more he vents!  
 See, that bold hound has seiz'd him; down they sink,  
 Together lost: but soon shall he repent  
 His rash assault. See, there escap'd, he flies  
 Half-drown'd, and clambers up the slipp'ry bank  
 With ouze and blood distain'd. Of all the brutes,  
 Whether by nature form'd, or by long use,  
 This artful diver best can bear the want  
 Of vital air. Unequal is the fight  
 Beneath the whelming element. Yet there  
 He lives not long; but respiration needs  
 At proper intervals. Again he vents;  
 Again the crowd attack. That spear has pierc'd  
 His neck; the crimson waves confess the wound.  
 Fix'd is the bearded lance, unwelcome guest,  
 Where'er he lies; with him it sinks beneath,  
 With him it mounts; sure guide to ev'ry toe.  
 Inly he groans, nor can his tender wound  
 Bear the cold stream. Lo! to yon sedgy bank  
 He creeps disconsolate; his num'rous foes  
 Surround him, hounds and men. Pierc'd thro' and  
 On pointed spears they lift him high in air;  
 Wriggling he hangs, and grins, and bites in vain:  
 Bid the loud horns, in gayly-warbling strains,  
 Proclaim the Felon's fate; he dies, he dies.

Rejoice, ye scaly tribes, and leaping dance  
 Above the wave, in sign of liberty  
 Restor'd; the cruel tyrant is no more.  
 Rejoice secure and blest'd; did not as yet  
 Remain, some of your own rapacious kind;  
 And man, fierce man, with all his various wiles.

O happy! if ye knew your happy state,  
 Ye rangers of the fields; whom nature boot  
 Cheers with her smiles, and ev'ry element

Conspires to blefs. What, if no heroes frown  
From marble pedestals ; nor Raphael's works,  
Nor Titian's lively tints, adorn our walls ? 475  
Yet these the meanest of us may behold ;  
And at another's cost may feast at will  
Our wond'ring eyes ; what can the owner more ?  
But vain, alas ! is wealth, not grac'd with pow'r.  
The flow'ry landskip, and the gilded dome, 480  
And vistas op'ning to the wearied eye,  
Thro' all his wide domain ; the planted grove,  
The shrubby wilderneck, with its gay choir  
Of warbling birds, can't lull to soft repose  
Th' ambitious wretch, whose discontented soul 485  
Is harrow'd day and night : he mourns, he pines,  
Until his prince's favour makes him great.  
See there he comes, th' exalted idol comes !  
The circle's form'd, and all his fawning slaves  
Devoutly bow to earth ; from ev'ry mouth 490  
The nauseous flatt'ry flows, which he returns  
With promises, that die as soon as born.  
Vile intercourse ! where virtue has no place.  
Frown but the monarch ; all his glories fade ;  
He mingles with the throng, outcast, undone, 495  
The pageant of a day ; without one friend  
To soothe his tortur'd mind ; all, all are fled.  
For tho' they bask'd in his meridian ray,  
The insects vanish, as his beams decline.  
Not such our friends ; for here no dark design,  
No wicked int'rest bribes the venal heart ; 501  
But inclination to our bosom leads,  
And weds them there for life ; our social cups  
Smile, as we smile ; open, and unreserv'd.  
We speak our inmost souls ; good humour, mirth,  
Soft complaisance, and wit from malice free, 506

Smoother ev'ry brow, and glow on ev'ry cheek.

O happiness sincere! what wretch would groan  
Beneath the galling load of pow'r, or walk  
Upon the slipp'ry pavements of the great,  
Who thus cou'd reign, unenvy'd and secure?

Ye guardian pow'rs who make mankind your care,  
Give me to know wise nature's hidden depths,  
Trace each mysterious cause, with judgment veal  
Th' expanded volume, and submit adore  
That great creative Will, who at a word  
Spoke forth the wond'rous scene. But if my soul  
To this gross clay confin'd, flutters on earth  
With less ambitious wing; unskill'd to range  
From orb to orb, where Newton leads the way;  
And view with piercing eyes, the grand machine,  
Worlds above worlds; subservient to his voice,  
Who vail'd in clouded majesty, alone  
Gives light to all; bids the great system move,  
And changeful seasons in their turns advance,  
Unmov'd, unchang'd, himself: Yet this at least  
Grant me propitious, an inglorious life,  
Calm and serene, nor lost in false pursuits  
Of wealth or honours; but enough to raise  
My drooping friends, preventing modest want,  
That dares not ask. And if, to crown my joys,  
Ye grant me health, that, ruddy in my cheeks,  
Blooms in my life's decline; fields, woods, and streams,  
Each tow'ring hill, each humble vale below,  
Shall hear my chearing voice, my hounds shall wake  
The lazy morn, and glad th' horizon round.

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